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ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Beyond the serried streets and mean,
 Beyond the houses gray,
 I spread, beneath a sky grown clean,
 My apron to the day,
 Where men may rest and men may
 jest,
 Where men may dream or play.

Far out, far out, with fingers grim,
 I watch the dark walls spread,
 I see the fields I loved grow dim,
 Grow gashed with black and red,
 I see the lanes like ghosts flit by,
 Like ghosts among their dead,

Till I alone, with bosom torn,
 Yet ah! what tender hands,
 Am left upon a throne forlorn
 Above the stricken lands,
 One last poor hold of green and gold
 Above the falling sands.

Ah, poet clerks, ah, toilers pale,
 Ah, lovers poor and fond,
 Still, still for you I guard the vale,
 The fir-tree and the frond,
 The little paths that bend and dip,
 The great white roads beyond,

The crescent moon, the summer dusk,
 The deep enchanted trees,
 The little hills that hide the town,
 And slumber on my knees,
 The magic mirrors, bright and dark
 With stars and mysteries,

The windy heights, the wider view,
 That yet your feet may win,
 Whence, far and clear, you still shall
 hear
 Some bugle, brave and thin,
 And thrill once more to songs of yore,
 And feel the old world spin.

Though close, so close, about my feet.
 The smoke-drift hides the mob,
 The fly-wheels whirl, the pistons beat,
 The engines shriek and sob,
 Though fast between a thousand
 wharves
 The burdened waters throb,

Still, still for you my dusty glades
 Lead down to doors of dreams,
 Still, still for you, through brake and
 bough,
 An air celestial streams,

The night grows deep, the planets
 wheel,
 The Star supernal beams.

And still, beyond the houses mean,
 Above the city gray,
 I hold for you a sky swept clean,
 I guard one sacred way,
 Where you may rest or you may jest.
 Where you may dream and pray.

H. H. Bashford.

The Spectator.

THE CALL OF THE FAIRIES.

Come away and play with us! still I
 hear you cry;
 Come away and stay with us, while
 years slip by!
 All the rushes sing of you; grasses
 whisper low,
 "You must go,"
 Since in the ring of you I slept—how
 long ago?

"Captured by the fairies," so the
 women said;
 Children question'd, "Where is he?"
 and wise youth cried, "Dead."
 Ah! but I was dancing in the palace
 of the fays,
 In a maze,
 'Neath the moon's cool glancing, that
 happiest of Mays!

"A pocket full of ashes and a longing
 in his eyes!
 Fairy-gold but trash is he" Listen to
 their lies!
 Ah! what thoughts awaken! In my
 dreams again
 Comes the strain
 Of the fairy-music shaken in the
 shadow by the lane!

Ah! but I must go again and find the
 fairy-ring;
 Dream myself below again and hear
 the fairies sing;
 Wake out of sleeping, 'mid the fairy
 green and gold.

Wake to hold
 What is given to the keeping of the
 trustful and the bold!

R. Ellis Roberts.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF MODERN POLAR EXPLORATION.

The world shrinks, and now there are few parts of the globe which have not been traversed. I say purposely traversed, for many parts traversed have not been explored. A race across Africa, from Paris to Peking on a motor-car, or what has been aptly called the "boyish Pole hunt" can now no longer be regarded as serious exploration. In fact, in Polar exploration especially people are beginning to see the comparative uselessness of such journeys, and rarely can any Polar expedition get money unless the leader announces that such and such scientific investigations are to be made by a staff of experts, and that such and such scientific results are likely to accrue. Yet what the mass of the public desire is pure sensationalism, therefore the Polar explorer who attains the highest latitude and who has the powers of making a vivid picture of the difficulties and hardships involved will be regarded popularly as the hero, and will seldom fail to add materially to his store of worldly welfare; while he who plods on an unknown tract of land or sea and works there in systematic and monographic style will probably not have such worldly success, unless his business capacity is such as to allow him to turn to his advantage products of commercial value in the lands and seas he has been exploring. The general rule, however, is that the man of science opens the way and reveals the treasures of the unknown, and that the man of business follows and reaps the commercial advantage, and where this is not the case and the man of science takes to money-making, the chances are that the world has rather lost than gained by his transgression. Yet there is a marked temptation for the man of science to devote himself to

money-making sooner or later, for so starved has he been for many years that eventually he seeks to gain some of that worldly comfort for his family and himself associated with moderate wealth which has been almost entirely denied to him in earlier life. It is right, therefore, that the man of science who has not the time or the inclination to devote his life to the gathering of gold should look to those who have this for their chief aim in life to support him in investigations of the unknown, or to those who, by the industry of their ancestors, have more than is necessary for at least a life of comfort.

In the face of these facts it is interesting to note that the author recently, in trying to get support for the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition from one who professes desire to spend the large fortune he has gathered in a useful manner, should have received the answer that he could not see the use of such expeditions. Exactly the same answer that Columbus received more than four centuries ago; yet how many owe their wealth to that enthusiast's voyage. Was there ever a more mad-cap expedition than that one? A veritable nutshell to sail westward into the unknown and to face dangers beyond all the powers of human conception.

There is no reason to believe that wealth equal to that of the New World of Christopher Columbus does not exist in the Polar regions, considering the increased power given to man by the advancement of science, which is constantly showing new ways and means to furnish suitable methods for discovering and making use of that wealth.

So far I have been trying to answer the question which the Polar explorer

constantly gets asked him usually by the business man who has not had any scientific training—namely, What is the use of these Polar expeditions? If the sole aim is to reach the North or South Pole or to get nearer to it than any one has been before, the answer must be that it is of little value either to science or commerce. That is the accomplishment of an athletic feat only to be carried out by those who have splendid physical development. But if it refers to expeditions well equipped with every means for the scientific survey of a definite section of the world—be it land or sea—then the answer is different. To add to the store of human knowledge means increased power of adding to human comfort. It also means making another step into the forever unfathomable unknown, and it is the duty of the scientific explorer as a pioneer to investigate a definite area of the unknown with a staff of competent specialists.

Modern Polar exploration must be conducted in this manner. Having decided whether one's energies are to be applied to the Arctic or Antarctic regions, the explorer has to make up his mind whether it be land or sea that he is about to explore, and, having determined that, and being well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and having had previous practical training in the work he is about to undertake, he chooses his definite area. It may be a large or a small area. It may be one that has been previously traversed and of which a hazy idea may be had. It may be over lands untrodden by the foot of man or seas as yet unfathomed. Suppose it is a detailed investigation of the North Polar basin. The explorer must first have a good ship, built somewhat on the lines of the *Scotia* or *Fram*, for resisting and evading ice pressure, and, following the idea of Nansen's drift, he will sail the Behring Straits, making his base of departure British

Columbia or Japan. Then, working northward as far as possible through the pack ice, the ship will eventually be beset firmly in the autumn or even earlier and, if she be of the right build, with safety. Now, as far as the ship is concerned, she must be made snug for the winter, and she becomes to all intents and purposes a house for the next three, or may be four, years. She will drift right across the North Polar basin, and will emerge from the Polar pack somewhere between Greenland and Spitsbergen. The probability is that she will pass almost if not right through the position of the North Pole. But all this may be counted worthless if there is not complete and thorough equipment of men, instruments, and other material for scientific investigation. The expedition must be for the thorough examination of the Polar basin—that is, it must be an expedition fitted out primarily for oceanographical research. The leader of the expedition should be a scientific man, and should certainly be one who has gained knowledge by having carried on scientific research in one or more departments in the service of some previous expedition. He must also be practically acquainted with the handling of an oceanographical ship. Without such experience, be he landsman or seaman, failure must be the result.

The scientific staff must include well-trained men able to organize the work of their various departments under the co-ordination of the leader. Astronomy; meteorology, including an investigation of the higher atmosphere by means of balloons and kites, as well as sea-level observations; magnetism; ocean physics, including an investigation of currents, temperature, specific gravity at all depths from the surface to the bottom; bathymetry, including a complete study of the shape of the floor of the Polar basin; geology, especially a study of the nature of the bottom;

biology, an investigation of every living thing, those animals that live on the bottom of the sea, those that swim on or near the surface or in intermediate depths—in short, benthic, planktonic, and nektonic research; a study of the algae and animals that may be found in association with the ice itself, as well as an investigation of every animal or plant above the surface of the ocean. Six or eight scientific men would not be too few to form the scientific staff, and they must be provided with at least two laboratories, a scientific store room, and photographic room. The leader himself being well acquainted with conditions of work in the Polar regions, it is not essential that the scientific staff should be, but it would be an advantage that his chief of staff had some ice experience, and that he should be able to take up the reins in the event of the serious illness or death of the leader. The scientific side of the ship should be separate from the nautical, and the leader must be the intermediary and guiding hand for both. The master of the ship must be subject to the leader, and the crew entirely responsible to the master, the leader strongly supporting the master in this position. It is questionable how far commercial advantage would be derived from such an expedition, probably none immediately, though almost certainly some to a future generation if not to our own; but the increase of human knowledge by the thorough survey of a definite area of our globe in a systematic manner is sufficient to warrant such an expedition being carried out.

This is the only piece of work (in the North Polar regions) that remains to be done on an extensive scale, and which must extend over a long period of time without a break, though there is much Arctic work to be done in other directions. Thus the author has been busying himself during the last two

summer seasons with the detailed investigation of Prince Charles Foreland.¹ This island, about fifty miles long and about six miles wide, forms a considerable part of the west coast of the archipelago of Spitsbergen. Prince Charles Foreland, named after Charles, son of James VI. of Scotland, has been known to exist for more than 300 years, yet there has been practically complete ignorance of its form, geology, fauna, and flora. Ships passing fear to approach its coasts on account of unknown and often imaginary dangers. Science demanded thorough investigation of this unknown land, and some have been trying to satisfy this demand of the world of science. What is the result? Already before the work is complete, commerce has followed on our heels, and before we left the island hunters set up three houses for the present winter. With further hydrographic research added to our last two summers' work, we shall be able to show the way for ships to approach with safety the coasts of this unknown land which now they fear so greatly. I could quote many other instances of work of this kind that has been carried on during recent years and is still being continued. Leigh Smith, Baron Nordenskjöld, Nansen, Nathorst, the Prince of Monaco, the Duke of Orleans, and Amundsen may be numbered among others as pioneers of systematic scientific research in the Arctic regions.

It would be of interest to take the chart of the Arctic regions and to enumerate the different parts that yet remain to be explored—their name is legion. The Beaufort Sea, the islands and channels to the north of the American continent offer especially a splendid field for topographical, hydrographical, biological, geological, and

¹ "Vide Scot. Geog. Magazine," Vol. XXII., No. 7, July, 1906, p. 385; Vol. XXIII., No. 3, pp. 141-156; Vol. XXIII., No. 6, June, 1907, p. 319; Vol. XXIII., No. 9, 490.

other research. Much valuable work is to be accomplished by a series of stations set up in strategic places for biological research, and the same may be said for magnetism and meteorology—especially if associated with investigation of the higher atmosphere. Denmark deserves great credit for recently setting up a biological station in Davis Strait in the manner here indicated. This has been accomplished by the generosity of Justice A. Hoek, and is backed up by an annual grant of £600 from the Danish Government towards its maintenance.² Similar stations could with little difficulty be set up in Spitsbergen, Franz-Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, and possibly also in Jan Mayen and East Greenland. This form of research is one of the most valuable forms of exploration yet to be accomplished. The station should in each case be provided with a moderate-sized steam or motor launch.

Now, turning our attention to the South Polar regions, we find the most interesting field in the world for exploration, especially with modern methods. Almost everything south of 40° S. requires a thorough investigation and overhauling, and vast stores of information are to be gathered both from sea and land. And let us not neglect too much the sea, more especially so since we are a sea-faring and sea-loving nation. The pride and glory of our past is largely due to the gallantry and astuteness of our seamen. Yet with all this, not only the public generally, but even many scientific people think much more of an accidental discovery of land than of any amount of hard, plodding work carried on at sea. The reason is that, especially in Britain, few people really appreciate a map, so notoriously bad is the teaching of geography and so little is it encouraged. The ordinary atlas simply

paints a blue color over the surface of the sea, and will give for its series of special maps political land areas, and these even without any interpretation of the "why" and the "wherefore." In these maps care is taken to omit as much of the sea as possible compatible with a certain rectangular space, and the sea that is shown is merely a meaningless pale blue wash. Scarcely any attempt whatever is made to show whether those stretches of sea are deep or shallow, clear or muddy, brown or blue, rough or smooth; there are few indications of currents—tidal or otherwise. In many ways, in spite of an increasing number of scientific ships sailing over the ocean, we are getting to know less and less about the sea. To the great 20,000-ton leviathan going twenty to twenty-five knots, weather conditions, currents, &c., of vital importance to smaller and less powerful craft are of little significance—these monsters race through everything. The thousands of passengers in these ships make a voyage and know no more about the sea over which they have travelled than if they had been staying in a palatial hotel ashore. In these days ships go on definite tracks and repeat their voyage year after year over exactly the same narrow belt of sea; those on board know nothing of the ocean outside that belt of thirty miles in breadth. In the old days sailing vessels were driven hundreds and even thousands of miles off direct tracks and saw actually much more than we do nowadays, especially since the vessels were slower and smaller, and the surface of the sea more readily accessible to those on board. Thus the stories of great sea monsters may not be so fabulous as supposed, though those in small craft and without scientific training might possibly get a somewhat exaggerated idea of their size and shape.

In the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic

² "Scot. Geog. Mag.," Vol. XXI., No. 2, February, 1905; No. 5, May, 1905; Vol. XXII., No. 4, April, 1906.

regions great opportunities present themselves both for a study of the sea and the land, and to the writer's mind it is a study of the sub-Antarctic and then Antarctic seas that requires investigation in the first place, including an exploration and definition of the southern borders of those seas.

I say, designedly, the southern borders of those seas, and not the outline of Antarctica or the coast-line of the Antarctic continent, because it is from the oceanographical standpoint that I believe we should make this attack in the first place and to a much larger extent than heretofore. The early navigators attacked the south in this manner, and more recently with modern scientific methods the *Challenger*, *Valdivia*, *Belgica*, and *Scotia*. The last two vessels alone have done serious biological and physical work south of the Antarctic circle, and the *Scotia* only in the great depths in very high southern latitudes. More than anything that is required is a new expedition on the same lines as the *Scotia*, and the author is ready to organize such an expedition as soon as funds are provided. Such an expedition should be provided with one ship of about 250 to 300 tons register, and should carry a complement of about thirty-six men, including six men of science. The vessel must be provided with all the most modern oceanographical equipment, and must be prepared to work in depths exceeding 3,000 fathoms. A definite area must be selected, and I should choose the region south of 40° S. in the South Atlantic Ocean, avoiding the tracks of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in 1902-4, but complementing and supplementing the *Scotia* explorations. A suitable base from which to commence operations is Buenos Aires. A start from there should be made in the early spring—say not later than August 1st—a zig-zag course under sail could then be

steered between latitudes 40° S. and 55° S., a visit to Gough Island and the other islands of the Tristan d'Acunha group being included; a double or treble line of soundings, with a regular series of physical observations at each station, should be made,* and the trawl should be lowered two or three times every week. No haste is required on this voyage; the vessel would be going before the westerly winds under sail the whole time, coal being husbanded for handling the vessel during sounding, trawling, &c. Cape Town would be the first port of call, and thus we would cover a belt of 1,000 miles in width over 3,500 miles in length where (with the exception of some soundings and trawlings made by the *Scotia* in 1904) no oceanographical work has been done at all. Whilst crossing the "Scotia Rise," which the Scottish Expedition discovered as an extension of the mid-Atlantic rise 1,000 miles further to the south, it would be interesting and important to obtain by grippers samples of the rocks in situ of which this rise is built up. At Cape Town all the scientific material and the first copy of the scientific logs should be sent home in case of accident to the ship in her second voyage. The ship and all her gear would be thoroughly overhauled, and she would be filled up with coal and provisions. Her next course would be for the Sandwich group of islands, and an arrangement should be made for a vessel with coal and fresh food to meet her there. Here the special object is to carry on the bathymetrical survey in the region where opinion is divided as to whether deep or relatively shallow water exists—namely, that portion cautiously marked in the Scottish chart¹ lying between the south end of the "Scotia Rise" and the Sandwich group. This is of vital importance in the study of continental con-

¹"Scottish Geog. Mag.," Vol. XXI., No. 8, August, 1906, pp. 402-412.

nctions. A short time should be spent at the South Sandwich group, especially with a view of obtaining a knowledge of the geology and natural history of the islands. Having filled up with coal, a cruise eastward to Bouvet Island should be made to determine more definitely whether or not there is a "rise connection" between the Sandwich group and that island, and also with the south end of the "Scotia Rise." From Bouvet Island a southerly course should be steered towards the southern boundary of the Biscoe Sea and a thorough connection made between the *Valdivia* and *Scotia* bathymetrical surveys. In March it would be necessary to decide whether the expedition was to winter in the south, but in no circumstances, if it can possibly be avoided, should the ship winter. She is there for oceanographical research, and must not be turned into a harbor hulk. Accidents will happen, and she might be beset and forced to winter, for which she must be thoroughly prepared. But if there is a wintering, it should, if possible, be by a party of about half a dozen men in a house on shore.

This project for Antarctic exploration does not lend itself in the least to the attainment of a high latitude. It is almost certain, in fact, that the ship in question would not pass the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude, and it is more than probable that it would pass little beyond 70° S., but there is no doubt that for systematic serious scientific work, this would be one of the most profitable forms of Antarctic exploration that we could undertake. I have again taken a single example of what is to be done in Antarctic seas, but I might point out that half a dozen ships doing this same work in similar but different areas all round the South Pole would all obtain results of the highest importance.

As regards land work in the Antarc-

tic regions, this can, I consider, be undertaken more satisfactorily after we have obtained a more definite idea of the confines of the Great Southern Ocean around Antarctica. At present there is too much hazy conjecture, and we find what one believes to be part of Antarctica itself another declares to be an island. But the land work has begun, and to the keen landmen there is no reason why it should not be going ahead. In the past the splendid land journeys of Scott and Armitage have given us the first definite idea of the interior of Antarctica, and, doubtless, Shackleton, whom we watch with interest, will be able to make important additions to our knowledge of the interior of the Antarctic continent. An important feature is that he commences his land journey at a new point, and thus every inch he covers will be over new ground.* Similar inland expeditions should be made at many points all round the Antarctic continent, and every expedition of this kind must necessarily have a good base station. The retention of a ship at the base is entirely unnecessary, though, as I have indicated previously, ice conditions might unwillingly entrap the vessel, in which case she must be properly prepared for wintering.

Such work could be carried out by the party I have suggested to accompany the proposed expedition to the South Atlantic, Weddell, and Biscoe Seas. Here the coast-line of Antarctica will probably be found to lie somewhere between 70 and 75° S. and to run in a more or less east and west direction. Having found a suitable anchorage, and the house being set up with a complete establishment for meteorology, magnetism, biology, and other scientific investigations, the party would make inland excursions towards the south. Should there be sufficient

* Since going to press, Lieut. Shackleton has been compelled to change his plans, his base now being at McMurdo Bay.

funds, it would be well to have a second ship for the express purpose of carrying an extra supply of stores and a house, rather than lumber up the oceanographical ship with all this material. If the lie of the land be found to be as we expect, a serious attempt should be made to cross the Antarctic continent and to emerge somewhere along the coast of the Ross Sea, the journey being made along the meridian of Greenwich on the Atlantic side, and continuing along 180th meridian on the Pacific side. Such a journey would be of more intrinsic value than a journey towards the South Pole and back. It would give us a complete sectional idea of the continent of Antarctica, and the expedition would never be covering the same ground a second time. This is a big project, and one would have to face the chances of failure, but it ought to be attempted. Shackleton has wisely led the way by actually trying motor power, which I for one have been advocating for many years, for the accomplishment of such a journey, and Dr. Charcot is also to try this new power for traction. It is an experiment; it may fail, but it is more likely to succeed, and even if it fails it will be one step in advance towards the use of motor power in future polar expeditions. All such pioneer attempts must take their chance of success or failure in a new application given to us by the advance of science.

This area, where Bellinghausen and
The Fortnightly Review.

Biscoe almost a century ago have alone given us a clue, strengthened by the investigations of Ross and of the *Scotia*, offers an especially fine field for meteorological and magnetical research. This is because of the systematized series of meteorological stations which exist to the north-westward of the region right up to the South American continent—thanks to the efforts of the *Scotia* and of the energetic Argentine Republic that has backed up and continued the work of that expedition. Observations taken here would also fall in with those about to be undertaken by Charcot in the region of the Bellinghausen Sea, and with those of Shackleton in the neighborhood of the Ross Sea. These three expeditions would, in fact, give us a very complete idea of the meteorology and magnetism of the South Polar regions in all western longitudes, and especially in meteorology we require a systematic and synchronous series of observations such as are here indicated.

The world shrinks, I have said, but, after all, this is only from the point of view of those who do not look into futurity. Each scientific investigation leads to the discovery of new scientific facts and problems not only unknown, but often entirely unconceived. Newer and wider fields for investigation will offer themselves in the future than in the past; rather then, should we say, the world expands!

W. S. Bruce.

SOCIAL TRANSFORMATION IN CHINA.

Never has Europe met with a more interesting and startling problem than that of the new era commencing in China, that prehistoric State which, though now a veritable piece of Oriental antiquity, was once the "Flower of the East." It is a flower the price-

lessness of whose seed defies all doubt. That her people are intelligent, self-respecting and hard-working nobody can deny. Her civilization, of time immemorial origin, although with many faults and peculiarities, is a civilization nevertheless; only, it has at last

come face to face with its more modern Occidental rival, and is now left to choose between total destruction and accepting those severe mortifications that are being forced upon her. Evidently, she is choosing the second alternative, and the world is awaiting the result.

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However, it may be wondered that modern science has not received its due recognition sooner. The intrinsic power of modern science, both terrible and attractive, and, in fact, irresistible, would at once have made a great impression upon a people of much less intelligence than ours. It could not but raise our curiosity, the result of which would be a closer enquiry, and hence would lead us into the understanding of the West. How was it possible, then, that we should remain seemingly blind for at least half a century of close intercourse with Europe?

It would be wrong to say that we were not impressed by the new-comers. For, indeed, even at the time of the Opium War we were considerably annoyed at finding ourselves not a match for those "unimportant barbarians of the sea." But as the relation remained more or less purely commercial, nothing much was done before the latter half of the nineteenth century. It was only after the conclusion of the Civil War (the Taiping Rebellion) that we began to notice the strange surroundings that were encroaching upon us day by day; and to realize, too, that the blue-eyed and yellow-haired people knew something more than merely money-making.

Many intelligent Chinese of that time who had the opportunity of observing closely and at first hand the Western methods of civilization were entirely convinced of the superiority of the latter, the Marquis Tseng, for example, who being the son of Tseng Kwob Fan—that distinguished general and

thoughtful philosopher, above all, the greatest writer China had in the last century—was carefully educated by his father and may therefore be called Chinese of the Chinese. Yet he (the Marquis), after being ambassador to the Court of St. James became the most progressive man of his time. Many readers will probably remember his long article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he summarized his ideas of reform. The greater part of his writings, however, were suppressed by his family for their own interest, so that it is difficult to say to what extent he understood Western ideas; but, judging from what he did, it is evident that he was entirely converted. The fact that he gave his daughter in marriage to his secretary, an Englishman, is sufficient proof of this. Nor was he the only one who held enlightened views; Kweh Sung Tuo, for instance, who has also been ambassador to England, was his great friend and supporter.

But the mass—I mean that of the thinking class—was not so ready to submit prejudice to reason, and therefore the nation as a whole has had to suffer on account of a few. *Amour propre* has been the chief and almost only cause of our pursuing persistently our old course. We could have learnt much, but we would not. All the time recognizing that foreigners have much to teach us, and much that we should like to know, we could not for a moment think it possible to stoop to receive instruction from others: we have always been intellectually if not politically independent in the East. While secretly admiring, and even longing to possess that which the Europeans knew, we were inventing a thousand and one stories and prejudices to satisfy our own vanity and conceit.

It has, perhaps, never been fully understood by European observers that we were placed on quite a differ-

ent intellectual standpoint from that of the Japanese. Japan was used to receiving outside influence. Once the Europeans proved to them their superiority, they had no difficulty in adapting themselves to the new state of things, just as they did years ago in adopting Chinese ideas. We were different: we were not used to receiving lessons from others. True it is that Buddhism came to us from India; but then it came mingled with religious enthusiasm, and only acquired its power through centuries of struggle, while its philosophy was almost unknown to us until the ninth century, when under the T'ang Dynasty great freedom of thought was granted. Therefore, cursed with the weakness of over-estimating our own qualities, we would not change from a teacher to a pupil.

Never, therefore, was a greater service done to our country than that disastrous war with Japan. China was then really humbled, humbled to an extent she never knew before; for though she was beaten by Europeans over and over again, she was not well prepared. and the engagements were hardly anything like a battle. But not so in the war with Japan: we had a better fleet, which was then considered very efficient by Europeans, and our army, though of less repute, was well-armed at least; and besides, the Japanese army was then very insignificant. Yet we were beaten! Before the war we thought that the whole power of Europe was built on cannon, battleships and machines; so we hastened to buy and even to manufacture these things, imagining that we had nothing more to learn from the West. At least, so thought most of the great men in China then, amongst whom Li Hung Chung stood prominent. Had we been winners in the war, our conceit would have been immeasurably increased and there would have been no hope of our ever enquiring into the Western life,

still less of appreciating its value. Happily for us, we lost, and the loss opened our eyes. They were so unmistakably opened then that even the sternest of reactionaries could not fail to notice that it was something more than mere machines which made the West so powerful, and that we must pay some attention to this or else forfeit our country.

After the prematurely organized *coup d'état* of 1898 (when such drastic edicts as the converting of all temples into schools were issued), and the reaction of 1900 (the Boxer rising), we were left up to the ears in debt. Incapable even of self-defence, and with our very existence daily threatened, we at last humbled ourselves and began to learn in earnest what we might have learnt years before but for our vanity.

Of late, Europe has been startled by the news that the Chinese Government has taken great steps towards a change. It has reorganized the army, established schools and colleges, sent students abroad, abolished the useless State examinations, founded new boards and offices, and even gone so far as to send a Commission abroad to study the constitutions of the Powers. A parliament has been talked of, opium has been prohibited and a hundred other things have been done: all these events, either truly or with exaggeration, have been received with great attention in Europe.

Our friends here seem to think that we Orientals can perform miracles: that we can achieve in a few months what Europe has only achieved after years of struggle and bloodshed; and that our Government will be so disinterested and generous as to give the people entire freedom at the expense of its own advantages and class-privileges. Surely, a little knowledge of history will enable them to see that the road to progress, in its

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very nature, cannot be shortened even by the length of a step.) The Chinese are, after all, but flesh and blood, and cannot, therefore, be excepted from those laws which have been proved over and over again in European history. Governments are conservative by nature, and especially such a one as ours. Every national movement is originated by the "knowing" people of the nation, and forced upon its Government after it has been well spread amongst the masses. All the pretences which the Chinese Government has made lately can be traced to the people. These pretences were intended not so much to throw dust into the eyes of the foreigners as to quiet the discontent which had been manifesting itself throughout the country. The revolutionary movement was too strong for the weak Government, and our rulers saw that if they rested inactive the opposite movement would be irresistible; and that by grasping too much they would lose their privileges altogether. All their promises were aimed at giving the moderate element among the agitating crowd a hope of obtaining liberty without violence, and in the meantime the Government wished to strengthen its hand with an army. Now that its hand is stronger, does it not show signs of a decidedly reactionary tendency? To us, who knew the true nature of our Government, this was clear from the beginning; yet not a few observant Europeans have been so far deceived as to cherish many false hopes. I do not mean, however, that anything hitherto done by the Chinese Government has had no salutary effects. On the contrary, the abolition of gross abuses has helped us towards real freedom, although the Government did not foresee the consequence.

Enough has been said, I think, to guard us against attaching too much importance to the actions of the Gov-

ernment. The real salvation of China lies with her people, not her Government, and to look for it we must pay more attention to their social movements, which are, after all, the chief factors in any political change. I will, therefore, endeavor to show, to the best of my ability, the important changes in social organization, customs, and sentiments in China during the last ten years.

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First and foremost amongst these changes came the development of the Press. True it is that there has always been a sort of official newspaper published in Peking; but it was miserably printed and contained nothing but edicts and official appointments. In some respects it resembled the *London Gazette* of the seventeenth century. There was no article and no discussion of any kind. No one, except those who were expecting appointments, ever dreamed of reading it. Before the Sino-Japanese War two daily papers were published in Shanghai: the *Sin-pao* and the *Sin-min-chung-pao*. They had some resemblance to a newspaper, but they were badly written and worse printed. There was a weak and timorous leading article—the editor dared not say anything beyond what was metaphorical—and the news was more or less local and hardly worth reading. Their readers were consequently very few. In my native town, where there were sixty thousand people (out of whom at least three thousand could read), only one copy of the *Sin-pao* was to be found. The privileged reader of this solitary copy was, of course, an exceptionally well-read man. I remember well, when the war with Japan was going on, how people used to flock to his residence for news, and how they expressed their indignation and disbelief when a defeat on our side was announced. The paper was sent to him weekly, and often arrived at its destination after a delay of three

or four weeks, although we were within a night's journey of Shanghai, where it was published. The fact is, there was not a single Government post-office in my town then, and the papers were delivered by a merchant's agent, who not only read them first, but circulated them amongst his friends and relations before finally putting them into the hands of the original subscriber. To-day, what a contrast! In the same town two hundred copies of the above-mentioned paper are sold, besides many other journals.

The number of newspapers has increased with amazing rapidity within the last decade. In Peking, where no newspapers existed before 1902, there are now ten; and—most surprising of all—one of these is edited by a woman. In all the large provincial towns—even in such a one as Tai-yuan-foo in Shan-se, which is situated so far from the coast that until recently the difficulty of communication has been extreme—local papers are published. It is at Shanghai, however, that these palpitators of public opinion abound. Under the protection of the settlement, they are free from interference by the officials, and taking this advantage the editor's attitude has become easy and bold. The result of this is that not only is the increase in numbers great, but the improvements which some of these papers have undergone within a short period is amazing. Take, for example, the *Chong-wei-tse-pao* (the *Universal Gazette*), which was founded about 1898, under a management that was shocking in the extreme. Five years ago it had only four pages, but now it has twelve. It has special correspondents all over China, and all the news is sent by wire. Important news is printed in large type and neatly arranged in order of the provinces. The leading articles are very outspoken and bold. They are probably of very little literary value, but this is arranged

expressly for the purpose of widening its circulation amongst the less-educated classes. Foreign news is not neglected. Though it has no special correspondents in Europe, it has one in Japan, and voluntary contributions from our students in Europe (which are plentiful) are eagerly sought after and carefully chosen.

No less well-organized is the *Tse-pao* (the *Eastern Times*). In fact, as far as internal politics are concerned, no newspapers in Europe or in Japan are so well-informed. Its managers spare neither pains nor expense to "fish out" those secrets which the Government wishes to keep, and their achievements towards this end are a continuous history of remarkable "scoops." Long before the New Tibetan Treaty was signed every article in it was published and analyzed. The details of the administrative reform of last September and the appointment of the new Viceroy of Manchuria appeared two clear months before the edicts were out. Then, besides politics, many interesting topics are discussed. Serial and short stories are published: some of them are translations of well-known works in English or French, but more frequently we find in them satires written in a form calculated to expose the rottenness of the existing Government and Legislature.

Parallel with the improvement in newspapers runs the increase in the numbers of books and periodicals. All sorts of monthly and fortnightly reviews have literally sprung into existence, and new books come out by the score every month, most of them being translations of works on politics, history, philosophy, laws, science and arts. In the periodicals party spirit sometimes runs very high, and two papers of different parties—for instance, the *Min-pao* (the *People*), which is conducted by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the well-known revolutionary leader, and the *Sin-min-*

chung-pao (the *New People*), the organ of Mr. K'wang Yu Wei, the great reformer—will often engage in a hot debate over questions of burning importance.

The effects of this great change for the better in the Press are innumerable and somewhat difficult to analyze. Some idea, however, may be derived from the following description. Ten years ago, to take for illustration the facts in my own town as I have done above, there was no such thing as a reading public. This has been created solely by the Press. In those days the publication of a new book was most rare. The books published were reprints of the classics, and, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a few translations of scientific text-books. As with all such books, their circulation was very limited. The majority of those who can read seldom go beyond the popular novels such as: "The History of the Three Kingdoms" and "The Heroes of the Isle." Nobody ever troubled himself about politics. During the Chino-Japanese War very few people had any clear idea of the events. We knew, of course, that we were disagreeably beaten, but as to how, why, when or where we had not the slightest idea. At that time, the Government was nothing to the people. Not one in ten thousand could name the Ministers of State or the Governors and Viceroys of the different provinces, much less discuss their actions and characters. To-day, even a schoolboy can give you a fairly accurate account of the late Russo-Japanese War; and a village teacher, who has probably never been outside his native village, talks with enthusiasm about the coming Constitution, the Educational Policy, the change of the important officials, etc., etc. The influence of the Press, therefore, is immense, and the members of the Government are not slow to realize that they are being

handicapped very much in their old tyrannical ways. They are trying every means to get the papers under their own control—but they will never succeed.

Perhaps the persons most influenced by the Press are the provincial officials. Not only do they often get blame thrown upon them by their more powerful brothers in the central government, but also, being situated not so much in a cluster, they are more liable to be selected for individual criticism. Only a few months ago the Viceroy of Nankin was attacked. He was so troubled that he actually descended from his high pedestal and wrote a letter to the paper explaining the motives of his measure—a thing never heard of in China before! The petty provincial officers, also, are now under the watchful eyes of a reporter. In the good old times they could practise the most extraordinary injustices and yet not be found out by their superiors. The people so ill-used had no means of getting redress except that of directly petitioning the Governor or the Viceroy, which as a rule was worse for the petitioner, and often meant his ruin. Nowadays, a farthing stamp will bring a letter before the editor of an influential paper, which will most probably be read by the Viceroy or Governor of the province. If his statement is not contradicted by the person in question, an enquiry will most likely be held, unless the accused is a man of untainted reputation or the Governor exceptionally blind.

A very pleasant fact is that the morale of the Press runs very high, except in the official organs and some of the local papers. All the leading papers are free from corruptions of any kind. Let me cite an example in proof of this. Some time ago the *Chong-wai-tse-pao* came into possession of some facts concerning the secret relations of an ex-Ambassador to Russia. This ex-offi-

cial came to the editor and offered him £2,000; but, to his regret, he was promptly refused and exposed all the more vigorously, which settled his hope of getting a new appointment.

The influence of the reviews is somewhat different. They are the medium through which new ideas and theories are transmitted; not being exclusively occupied with politics, their scope is wider. Unlike the daily papers, they are extremely well written, and a few of them are of great literary value. The editors of the *Min-pao* (the *People*) and the *Sin-min-chung-pao* (the *New People*) are universally acknowledged to be the two greatest Chinese writers now living. Most of the editors and contributors, moreover, know at least one foreign language, which very visibly influences their writings for the better. Without losing the best element of Chinese literature, they are changing the style and, to some extent, even the construction of the Chinese language. New terms and phrases are created almost every day, the result being that Chinese prose is becoming "less majestic, less artfully involved, less variously musical, than that of an earlier age, but more lucid, more easy, and better fitted for controversy and narrative."

Very closely connected with the development of the Press is the amelioration of internal communication. The number of letters sent through the Post Office increased twenty-five per cent. in 1905. This was rendered possible by the opening of the railways. In the south and southeast, where the rivers are navigable, steamers have long been in use, but the difficulty of intercourse in Central China was very great indeed. Since the opening of the Pekin-Hankow railway this difficulty has been partly removed. This is by no means only a commercial improvement. The quick transit of intelligence of all kinds to the North has done wonders in the way of opening

up the minds of the people. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Shan-se, who are specially noted for their capacity as bankers, have not been slow to take all its advantages. Again, the line between Shanghai and Ningpo is nearly complete, and when it is ready it will connect more intimately (for they are already connected by steamers) the provinces of Kiang-su and Che-kiang. From an intellectual point of view, these two would probably rank as the highest in China but for the province of Canton. The Cantonese, having been endowed with great commercial capacity, are very easy with strangers, and consequently Canton is most frequented by foreigners. In this province many remarkable men have lately been produced; amongst these may be mentioned K'wang Yu Wei and Liang Che Chow, the two leaders in the *coup d'état* of 1898, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the revolutionary party. Besides this, many important positions in the Government are just now held by Cantonese—positions never held by them before. All these afford a striking example of what frequent foreign intercourse has done for Canton, for the Cantonese have hitherto played no part whatever in Chinese history.

By the establishment of public schools, the diffusion of education is daily increasing. This is noticed by the most casual observer, but the difference between the old and the new learning is difficult even for ourselves to realize. First of all, there is an entirely different method of education. The average teacher of the old days went no further than giving us a very elementary idea of history and literature; and those desiring a higher education had to conduct their own studies themselves at their own expense. Oftentimes we found a man who, having obtained his first degree in the State examinations, wished to further

his knowledge in classical and literary works, but despaired at the appalling sight of those thousands of volumes which he must digest all by himself with only the help of a dictionary. It is true that there were great teachers with crowds of students, or rather disciples, around them, but these teachers were very scarce, because they had to be men of great ability and attainments. This great difficulty of finding good direct instruction explains the huge regard and affection which every Chinese had for his teacher.

Perhaps in no other branch of studies so much as mathematics is the difficulty of self-instruction so vividly exemplified. It used to be the death of many who possessed a special taste for the science of numbers. They had only books to teach them and their labor was consequently tenfold. The late Professor Hua, one of China's greatest mathematicians, if not the greatest, told us in his "Memoirs" that he learnt addition and subtraction entirely by himself. He read all the works and translations on the subject with a care that is incredible, and achieved his ambition only after forty years of hard work. At first he had to make a pair of compasses for himself, and he used to spend sleepless nights in solving a problem. But he was by no means the only example. Many men, whose physique was not strong enough, died of over-work. To-day, in the schools, however imperfect they may be, students receive actual instruction—a luxury never known to us before!

Again, there is a great difference between the subjects learnt under the old and the new systems. The old State examinations consisted of an artificial system of literature which enslaved the students into drudgery and retarded the formation of true prose. The so-called educated class knew nothing beyond elementary Chinese

history and literature, and the world outside was a dead letter to them. To-day in the schools (private or public) elementary sciences are taught and one foreign language at least is compulsory. Geography, history and literature are methodically if not intelligently taught, and the general ignorance of things has entirely disappeared. In many schools sports and drill are considered essential, and the customary defect in the student's physique has now vanished.

Last, but not least, the parents' purpose in sending their children to school is very different from what it was. We have never understood what real education meant. We learned to write and read simply because the State examinations demanded it. Indeed a child was not allowed by most parents to learn anything but reading and writing. I remember well that ten years ago I was severely handled for trying to make figures on paper. My mother was so frightened that she ordered everything that could possibly attract my attention to this subject to be removed. Therefore those who were not ambitious did not need to go very far, and they did not go far. A merchant or a shopkeeper could hardly write a commercial letter, because to keep the books was all that his situation required. To teach an apprentice anything more than arithmetic and book-keeping was then horribly ridiculous. The idea of educating a man morally, physically and intellectually to make him a good citizen never entered our heads. Learning was only regarded as an indispensable means of going into official life and was therefore totally confined to this class. To-day we send our sons to school mainly for the sake of education. Whatever calling in life they may choose, they must know something more than what their profession demands. If they do their work well they have every hope of be-

ing sent abroad to be further educated at the expense of their school, and failing to achieve this, it will not be too late for them to enter on a commercial or other such life that suits them.

Next in importance to the development of the Press and education is the growth of a new system of industry. The world is accustomed to call us industrious and diligent, but there exists in China a most idle and good-for-nothing class of people. I refer to the aristocracy of the country. Being sons of officials or ex-officials, or their relations, any sort of activity is a disgrace to them. Thinking, no doubt, like Benjamin Franklin's servant, that "the only gentleman in the world is a pig," they went so far as to grow long nails and wear long robes in order to show how incapable and unfitted they were for work.

On the other hand, the station of the merchant is very low. When he is poor, he is little better than an agricultural laborer. When he is rich, he is liable to be insulted, robbed or black-mailed by the official class, and this is the chief reason why the Chinese emigrants in America are afraid to come home after having made their fortunes. By degrees, however, their importance is being felt, and the proud aristocracy are beginning to feel uneasy. They may still retain their dignity, they may make their importance felt, they may rest idle all day long, but they cannot live half so comfortably as those merchants whom they despise. To enter into the State service is not an easy matter, for the supply far exceeds the demand: the misery of those waiting for appointments is proverbial. They now look round and begin to think whether it is not a mistake to let others make money and themselves to starve. The Press is daily urging the importance of exploring mineral wealth, building factories and creating new industries. The few of their class

who have had the opportunity of travelling represent to them pleasant pictures of the corresponding class in other countries, where every man tries to do his share. All these forces combine to direct their attention to an active life; and to do them justice, quite a number of them have begun devoting themselves to some occupation. The following serves for an illustration:—

Chang Glen, a native of Tung-chow, being a *Chong Yuan* (the Senior Wrangler in the examination for the Han-lin or third degree) was entitled to some great Government post, but instead he returned to his native province and there erected a cotton factory. This caused a great scandal in the whole province, and his relations were astonished and disgusted. The affair was the chief topic of talk and gossip for months in the neighboring towns, and everybody condemned him as being mad and unbecoming his high dignity. But in spite of all he went on with his work quietly and with sufficient capital he introduced the most up-to-date system of manufacturing cotton goods. After nine years of hard labor he now employs 2,500 hands, and realized in 1905 a net profit of £50,000 sterling. Tung-chow, which ranked among the poorest towns in the province, is now one of the chief industrial centres, and will soon be opened to foreign commerce, not as a "treaty port," but as a free market. Mr. Chang is now the most influential man in the province, and nobody attempts any enterprise without first obtaining his advice. He is the president of a railway company, of the Association of Printers and Publishers and of the Chamber of Commerce, all of which are of recent formation. Once the spell is broken, every man is following his example, and what a blessing this is to us! A modern industry cannot flourish if the prospects are not secure, and the security of an enterprise is

diminished in inverse ratio to its importance in a country where blackmail and official interference are so frequent. An enterprise undertaken by a member of the aristocracy is therefore the only one that can stand firm: even a viceroy risks his position by daring to interfere with it. The ex-Viceroy of Canton lost his place through acting directly against the local gentry.

Another sign of the times is the desire for co-operation. Hitherto, limited companies and syndicates have been most scarce. Everybody believed in conducting his own business, and with his own capital. But now we realize the impossibility of creating modern industry without extensive trust, and every new enterprise is being undertaken by a company. This development, however, is only in its infancy and awaits improvement.

No less important is the change of national customs and habits. The anti-foot-binding movement has been successful beyond expectation. Hardly five years have passed since this movement became general, and already thousands, even tens of thousands, are liberated from this abominable custom. Without the slightest exaggeration it may be said that children now under ten years are entirely free from this torture. The progress of the anti-opium movement is less rapid, but it is going on steadily. It is hoped, nay it is certain, that before long the higher classes will be free from this filthy habit; but to get it out of sight altogether is another matter. The cause of this vice among the higher classes is different from that among the lower. The former smoked opium because they had nothing better to do; the latter did it because they wanted something to make them insensible to their misery. As soon as the former have regular occupations, they are bound to let this idle habit

go; but the latter, whose position cannot be improved for years to come, will find it difficult to break off. Even if they are compelled to abstain from this vice, another habit equally bad will surely take its place. In this respect, opium smoking is exactly like drinking in this country. Public opinion can easily prevent the successor to the Earl of Chatham from getting through half a dozen bottles of champagne in one night, but it cannot keep a workman away from his habitual public-house.

All these things certainly make a pleasant picture; but I am no optimist. Whilst society shows unmistakable symptoms of progress, the miseries of the general public caused by mal-administration are unspeakable. We are now suffering from the worst possible financial crisis. The madness of a few Manchus made us pay sixty-five millions sterling, together with six millions sterling interest, to be paid yearly. The central Government has no other financial policy than to demand the money from the Viceroys or the Provincial Governors, and the latter in their turn demand it from the people by increasing the taxation (direct or indirect). When they fail in this resource, they start coining base copper coins from their own mint—trying to call a penny a sixpence and imagining themselves richer. The result of this is an utter confusion of the currency, which has been a complicated question for a long time. The price of food, especially rice, has doubled in the course of the last decade. The population has increased far out of proportion to industry. The sudden extension of the use of steamers in the navigable rivers, and the opening of the railways, have thrown quite a considerable number of men out of work. In a word, there is no work, and thousands of men are unable to earn a living in spite of their endurance and diligence.

The Government is always shortsighted, always without any definite policy, and always crowded with men who are seeking after their own interest and making the situation worse by their presence. They talk of encouraging commerce, but put fresh obstacles in its way daily. They issued a code of commercial laws, but violated them themselves immediately after the publication. They created new industries (such as the factories at Wu-Chang) and new official posts which cost millions and brought no profit to anybody. They put an official at the head of a private enterprise which had every prospect of success, so that the well-deserved distrust might drive away the capitalists. In short, the thousand and one follies and crimes committed by the Government render the lives of the lower classes (the workmen, peasants and artisans) miserable beyond description.

Then the famine! The flood came through the imbecility and negligence of a Government already over-laden with criminal charges, and destroyed the harvest, leaving millions of people destitute. First it was confined to the South-Eastern Provinces, then it invaded the North, the Central Provinces, and now it is everywhere. The gentry and the merchants are doing their utmost in the work of relief, as also are our foreign friends, but the Government is as cool as ever; and all that it has done is to appoint officials over the privately collected funds, as if to give the latter a chance of filling their pockets. Discontent becomes general as a matter of course, and disturbances are frequently reported. The revolutionary party organized a rising in Wunan, but then the Government had an army—an army strong enough to butcher the poor innocents whom it is supposed to protect, but totally unfit to face dangers from without. Of course the rising was crushed and the leaders

and supposed leaders were tried by torture or executed without a trial. The Government is, in fact, destroying the best element in Chinese society, for the leaders of the rising were mostly students of great talent and reputation, and from the nature of the enterprise, they were necessarily the most daring and most self-sacrificing of the nation.

But can this last for ever? Surely not. Time will do more than anything. Give us time and we will work out our own salvation. Are we not moving in spite of the systematic misconduct of the Government, and moving more quickly than anybody dared to expect? We have managed to keep our heads above water so far, and immediately the seeds that we have sown have taken root, the out-of-date organizations are doomed. The seeds will shoot up although the soil—in this case the Government—will try to keep them down. There will be a contest, but we know who will be the winner. The Government has an army—but what if the army deserts it? It always astonishes me that whilst the Press in Europe daily exposes the rottenness of the existing Chinese Government, it does its best to uphold it. Whenever there is a slight movement against the Government, be it anti-dynastic or revolutionary, intervention is at once talked of, as if the great struggle for the freedom of four hundred million souls were nothing more than a football match which cannot go on without a referee. How can your sympathies be sincere when you wish to keep us under the yoke of a political institution which you so much despise? Have not Western nations done enough of wrong, and is it not unwise to add to them the most cruel and most unpardonable of all wrongs—the preventing of the people from getting their liberty? If Western nations do really want to bridge the already too wide gulf that separates us, let them leave us alone

and see whether evolution will not be stronger than conservatism, and whether the natural sequence of such a

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gigantic renaissance will not follow its course as it has done in the history of every civilized nation.

A Chinese Cambridge-man.

SALLY: A STUDY.

BY HUGH G. CLIFFORD, C. M. G.

XIV.

"The evil that men do lives after them," quoted Jack Norris; "The good is oft interred with their bones.' We white folk have done a wonderful lot of good in Pelesu beyond a doubt, but it will take a world of it to wipe out the memory of the harm we have done to poor Saleh. From first to last we have made a pretty bad break with him."

"I really cannot agree with you," said Mr. Le Mesurier earnestly. "He is suffering now, poor boy, suffering cruelly; but against that you must place the benefits he has derived from his education in England."

"I don't fancy that his very slender book-knowledge is going to help him much," said Jack grimly.

"I was not referring to his books," said Mr. Le Mesurier. "He has never distinguished himself as a scholar—he lacks the mental energy and stamina for that kind of thing. No; I was thinking of the improved moral standard which association with English people has given him."

"I don't think you or any one who has not watched him daily, as we have done, can know how really *good* the boy is," said Mrs. Le Mesurier softly, bending the gaze of her kind eyes upon Jack's honest, ugly face. "He has learned to be quite punctiliously upright and honorable, and he has lived a life as pure and manly as I could wish that of my own son to be."

They were seated in Jack's small sitting-room after dinner, the men smoking, Mrs. Le Mesurier reclining

with tired grace in the one big arm-chair. Jack had wired for his guests earlier in the day, and they had come hurriedly in answer to his telegram. Saleh was lying in the next room, tossing in a high fever, and all his three friends had had an anxious and a busy day arranging for his nursing. Now they were resting from their labors, and were talking of the topic which for the moment filled their minds to the exclusion of aught else.

"I daresay he is all that," said Jack; "but don't you see? It is because he is so malleable, so plastic, that you have been able to influence him as you have done. You have given him the training of an English boy, and he has taken to it like a duck to water. The only difference is that he has learned consciously what we all learned without knowing it. You have utterly changed him. You have given him improved standards of morality, I daresay, improved standards of everything, including taste; you have set an ideal before him of which he had never dreamed before, and you have led him for years to fight his way up to it. An English boy does not need to be taught to be an Englishman. It comes natural to him. But you had to make Saleh see, to begin with, that it is a fine thing to be an Englishman, and that once accomplished, you have done your best to help him to attain to the unattainable."

"But, as you must see for yourself, it has not been the unattainable in his case. The boy is English now in all

his instincts," interposed Mr. Le Mesurier.

"Not all of them, I think," said Jack; "but that doesn't matter. The point is, that you have taught him between you that the one thing for him to do is to become an Englishman,—not a Christian, mind you, but just an Englishman. He has believed you, and now he is as near an approximation to a decent white man as a Malay can be."

"Ah, you admit that," said Mrs. Le Mesurier. "Is not that something to have accomplished?"

She spoke with a sort of passionate enthusiasm which Jack thought very tender and beautiful—tender and beautiful as only the dreams of good women can be.

"You have such faith in sheer goodness that I despair of ever making you understand," he said. "Virtue ought to be everything, oughtn't it?"

"I think it is everything—everything that matters," said Mrs. Le Mesurier softly.

"I wish it were!" cried Jack. "Of course it ought to be, only—well, it isn't, you know. You have given Saleh an ideal—a purely secular, not a religious ideal; you have helped him to work up to it; you have helped him so well that it seemed to him that he had attained it; and then the events of last night happened, and he found that he had mistaken the lowest valley for the crest of the unachievable mountain. You see there was a flaw in the theory from the beginning. A Malay hasn't got the rudiments of the Englishman in him; there aren't the materials there with which to effect the transformation; all you can do is to make of him an imitation, a sorry imitation, a sham, a fraud! Don't imagine that I question his good faith for an instant," Jack added hurriedly. "The pliability of the poor little beggar, the very love of the approval of his fellows which is bred in the bones of a Malay, helped

him to deceive himself—and you! He has been so busy aping Englishmen for so long, consciously at first, less consciously later, but *aping* always, that the thing had become a habit. You believed you had made an Englishman of him: he hoped that you were right—believed that you were right, very likely; and now suddenly, without a word of warning, he has brought up sheer against the Truth—the eternal, adamant Truth that swerves for no man. If you could have changed the color of his skin, the deception might have lasted a trifle longer than it has done; but that was a miracle that even your love and kindness and constant influence could not accomplish, that even his imitative genius could not fake; and the change inside him is no more complete, only you haven't eyes to penetrate into those depths."

Jack stopped breathless, and Mr. Le Mesurier looked at his wife. They both shook their heads.

"I can't think you know him as we do," Mr. Le Mesurier said gravely. "I refuse to believe that the change in him is only skin-deep, as you seem to think it."

"I don't *think*, I *know*," said Jack. "He told me things himself this morning after he woke up, before you came,—things I can't repeat because you wouldn't understand. Don't mistake me, Mrs. Le Mesurier," he said hastily, as Saleh's adopted mother turned anxious eyes upon him; "I am not referring to any sins against his acquired code of morality. I don't mean that he has been knowingly deceiving you. Nothing of the kind. Only, well, he told me enough to convince me that the Malay soul is alive and kicking, and very much its old unregenerate self. You see it woke up suddenly last night, and shook itself in a way that surprised even its owner."

"And you think that it is all wasted—all this love and care, all the hopes

we have had for him?" said Mrs. Le Mesurier, leaning forward in her chair, her hands clasped on her knee, her eyes looking almost beseechingly into Jack's grim face. "You don't know how I have yearned over him, how I have prayed . . ."

"It can't be wasted—no kind action can ever be wasted. That much at least *must* be sure. But . . . oh, I feel a brute for saying it! . . . the whole thing is just a gigantic mistake, the sort of mistake that white men make, with the most glorious intentions, and without an atom of foresight, in the name of Progress."

"I still think that you are wrong," persisted Mr. Le Mesurier. "The happiness of the individual, much as we may desire it, is not everything. Saleh will not spend all his days among English people. I only this morning received a letter telling me to arrange for his return. His training here will fit him for the government of his people. It will enable him to exert over them a beneficial, an elevating influence. His principles are acquired, I admit, but they are solid."

Jack groaned aloud.

"You don't understand, you can't understand," he said hopelessly. "If you knew the Malays as I know them; if you had lived into their life as I have done; if you had gone for a year at a time without seeing a white face or speaking a word of your own language, so that the strangeness of you had time to wear off, and the natives grew to look upon you as one of themselves, and let you get a real sight of their characters, not decked out for your inspection, but living, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves, you would see matters as I see them. You can form no conception of the inert bulk of that people, the sheer dead-weight of their inertia. They are incapable of feeling even the 'divine discontent,' which is the beginning of new things, the very

groundwork upon which reform can be built up. To you it is self-evident that they need elevating, that they occupy an inferior position; but they wouldn't agree with you. They are quite satisfied with themselves as they stand; they are altogether unambitious of improvement; unconscious that, in so far as they are concerned, improvement is either possible or necessary. You have taught Saleh to accept your point of view, have put him utterly out of conceit with himself, with his lot, wholly out of touch and sympathy with his own people."

"But now that he has learned to look at all things from a higher standpoint, he will make a wiser ruler than his father before him," said Mr. Le Mesurier.

"I am afraid that even that does not follow," replied Jack. "You see, the British Government looks after the administration of the country, and takes precious good care nowadays that the Sultan doesn't oppress his subjects, so the personality of the ruler—the nominal ruler—does not signify much. On the other hand, the Sultan is the recognized mouthpiece of the native population. His position is secure; he stands to lose nothing by any concessions that the Government may be led to make to his subjects; and since he is by birth, by training, and by instinct a Malay of the Malays, he is in close sympathy with the natives, knows what they want, why they want it, what will happen if they get it, and has no motive to conceal his knowledge. But put Saleh in the same position. We have made a sort of Englishman of him, taught him to see things exclusively from our point of view, have estranged his sympathies from his own people, have blunted his understanding of their character and needs. They will spot the change in him quick enough,—trust them for that,—and the springs of their confidence will be dried up at the source. Far from making him a more

useful instrument for the government of his people, the training we have given him will spoil him for the very work he could have done most efficiently."

"If you are right," said Mr. Le Mesurier sadly, "this is a very miserable business. I confess that the matter has not appealed to me in this way before. I am beginning to wish that I had never had a hand in it."

"I would give worlds to believe that I was mistaken," said Jack, no less sadly; "but I know, I *know*. To sacrifice the happiness of the individual for the happiness of the majority is sound, no doubt. A heroic policy, perhaps, but utilitarian and just. I haven't a word to say against it. But in this case, it seems to me, the cause of the greater number has not been served, and the hapless individual has been delivered up a whole burnt-offering,—has been plunged into the fires of the Terrible Place, as he said himself, poor little fellow!"

"And what do you think is to be the end of it all?" asked Mrs. Le Mesurier dreadingly. Neither she nor her husband seemed able longer to contend against Jack's merciless logic, backed as it was by such deep, sure knowledge.

"Heaven knows!" he answered. "You see he has found out that he isn't and can never be the Englishman he had thought himself—that, in a word, everything for which he has been striving is unattainable. A reaction of some sort is inevitable in the face of this paralyzing discovery. For the moment, as far as I can make out, he is in desperate pain; but his strongest feeling is humiliation, disgust of himself because of his limitations physical and moral. That is bad, but in a way it is healthy too. If he sticks to that he will suffer, but it won't do him much harm."

"Then what do you fear?" asked Mrs. Le Mesurier anxiously.

"All sorts of things. I fear that he may get to see, as I do, the shocking injustice of the folly of which he has been the victim. If that happens, it will embitter him terribly. If he ever asks himself why he was given false hopes, taught to cherish ideals that of their very nature were far beyond his reach, why he was led on and on with fair promises to the brink of the discovery that he could be an Englishman only *minus* an Englishman's happiness and privileges, that he has been robbed, too, of the power to appreciate the lower, grosser life to which he was born, then, I am afraid, it may play the very devil with him—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Le Mesurier—I mean it may be very bad for him indeed."

"His is a very sweet nature," said Mrs. Le Mesurier hopefully. "I can hardly imagine him becoming soured. Besides, I don't think you allow enough for the amount of principle he has."

"Don't you think that the principles might go by the board when he saw what misery the whole system, of which they form a part, had entailed upon him? I do. Remember they have no root in religious conviction."

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not," cried Mrs. Le Mesurier earnestly.

"Yet if he escapes the bitterness, if his love is not turned to hate, his only chance of happiness is to forget," said Jack musingly, his eyes fixed with a far-away gaze upon the empty grate, his chin propped upon his hand. "The East is a wonderful place. It weaves its own spells—spells whose magic even a white man can feel. Perhaps it will take back its own. Perhaps when he returns to Pelesu the East will open its arms and draw him close to its tattered, gorgeous breast. Maybe the sun-glare on the wildernesses of hot damp forest, the heavy air moving lazily through the sleepy land, the great rivers lumbering sea-

ward, the utter quiet and calm and melancholy of it all, will lull him to a sort of peace. 'After a storm there cometh a great calm'; you know what old Thomas à Kempis says? Perhaps the East will be for him the Land of Cockagne, and in the voluptuous folds of it, drugged by the beauty of it, loving even the sickly sweet smells of it, he will sink down, down, down from

the height to which you have raised him, till a certain animal joy be his in oblivion of the unattainable."

"I cannot hope that," said Mrs. Le Mesurier. "That would be the worst of all!"

"I don't know," said Jack gloomily. "In some ways, perhaps, it would be the best that could befall him,—perhaps it is all there is left to hope for!"

(THE END)

Blackwood's Magazine.

A BUDGET OF MEMORIES.*

BY SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, BART.

It is a great honor to be invited to respond to this toast on this occasion, and I do not deceive myself as to my own claims to be selected for it. I have been but a casual and intermittent craftsman with the pen, but I stand very high in point of seniority among men of letters. Indeed, I am almost their *doyen*—if we count for that office those authors only who still are able to enjoy so excellent a dinner as has been set before us to-night. The earliest of my productions, which people continue to be good enough to read, were written at the end of my Freshman's year at Cambridge, exactly half a century ago from this month; and I have a very large store of literary reminiscences which are worth recalling, because they do not relate to myself, but to others. I have enjoyed rare privileges. I have ridden with Mr. Carlyle a good many of the thirty thousand miles which he rode

while he was engaged upon "Frederick the Great." When he was no longer equal to horse exercise we took long walks together round and round the parks, and on one occasion, all of a sudden, *à propos* of nothing, he began slowly to pay out for my benefit an extemporary biography of Lord Chatham, the most wonderful soliloquy to which I ever listened. I have been shown over Venice by Mr. Ruskin as *cicerone* in his own gondola. It is interesting to remember that the architectural decoration to which he specially called attention in most cases dated from the Renaissance. The spirit (so he explained) in which these men worked was not the highest; but their artistic execution was perfection itself. I was introduced by Mr. Robert Browning to Waring, a sad disenchantment, when the hero of the inimitable poem had become a weary-looking old man like any other. I was present at

* It is undoubtedly the case that the very last of all the pages upon which the eyes of Lord Macaulay rested was one of the "Cornhill Magazine;" and that the last illustration he saw, on the last day of his life, was the quaint little vignette by Thackeray which appeared on the first page of "Lovel the Widower." It is, then, appropriate that the words spoken by Macaulay's nephew, Sir George Trevelyan, at a recent gathering of authors, publishers, and booksellers, under the auspices of the Publishers' Circle, should be preserved in the pages of the "Cornhill." It was a surprise to more than one of those who heard the speech to realize

how far back into the years the speaker's memory travelled — to know that he could recall Ruskin at Venice, and Thackeray in his habit as he lived, and that he remembered Carlyle as an untiring walker and talker. But the writer of "Ladies in Parliament" entered very early in life, alike by inheritance and by his own right, into the republic of letters. Those privileges have given him, in the words of the "Spectator," delightful reminiscences, and he has been persuaded, at the suit of the "Cornhill Magazine," to give permanence in these pages to those recollections, for the benefit of a larger audience.—
ED. CORNHILL.

a family dinner where Thackeray discoursed to a delighted audience of young people about "The Virginians," which he was then writing, and which seemed to fill his mind to the exclusion of everything else. Among other matters, he asked us, all round the table, what was the widest jump any of us had ever known, and when we agreed upon twenty-one feet, he said: "Then I must make George Washington jump one foot more." That was in 1858; and in 1908, just fifty years afterwards, I dined next to Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the Hall at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the evening of the day when the University made him a Doctor of Laws.

Fifty years is a long space of time; but my indirect connection with English literature is older still. I suppose—I will not be so prudish as to say that I fear—that there are few or none here present who have not read the Reeve's Tale of the poet Chaucer. That story tells how two young scholars of Cambridge went out to the Mill at Trumpington, and behaved there in a manner in which I am sure that no Cambridge scholar would dream of behaving now. The most audacious of this pair of scapegraces was called Alain de Strother; and Chaucer says that he came from a town so far in the North that he could not tell where it was situated. Now, the Alain de Strother of Chaucer's day was a great landowner, who lived at Wallington, in Northumberland, the very same home where I live now. Beyond any doubt he must have been a friend and crony of Chaucer at the Court of the Plantagenets; and the poet, when he borrowed his story from Boccaccio, must have given the name of Alain de Strother to the principal character by way of a specimen of medieval chaff.

This is the first public dinner, on anything like this scale, which is representative of all the three classes in the

great hierarchy of book-producers and book-distributors; and the idea of it, like many other profitable, and some pleasant, ideas, has come to us from America. The booksellers are here, and the publishers; and the publishers—as I learn from my letter of invitation, in an old-fashioned phrase, which was good to read—have brought "their authors" with them. This company comprises the three classes without whose active, intelligent, and friendly co-operation literature would be in a very bad way indeed; and I will say a few words in reference to each of these classes, beginning with that to which I myself belong. There are present here many writers with whose names I am well acquainted, and whose works I read and admire; although I am sadly conscious that it is impossible for an older generation to read the books of younger men with the same insight and sympathy as they are read by their own contemporaries. A man's co-evals are the best judges of his work; and, for my own part, I take care never to imitate those wisecracks who, forty years ago, and fifty years ago, used to go all over London blethering about Robert Browning's obscurity, and Ruskin's inconsistency, and the impertinence of boys like Millais and Holman Hunt in laying on brighter colors than those which were used by their elders. I remember once venturing to mention Mr. Carlyle to an ancient diner-out, who passed for a high literary authority. "Carlyle!" he said. "Odious fellow! he interlards Cromwell's speeches with his own nonsensical comments." As if any human being, other than a professional historian, can now be found who reads Cromwell's speeches except for the sake of Carlyle's interpolations and exclamations!

It is when we come to works of the imagination that I feel my incompetence to speak for literature. I can-

not even conceive—to mention authors who, happily, are still alive among us—the conditions under which are produced such masterpieces as Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine"; or William Watson's sonnets and ballads; or Meredith's "Egoist"; or "The Aspern Papers," and the "Madonna of the Future," of Mr. Henry James; or that exquisite little piece of fancy by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which is entitled "The Best Story in the World." In these matters of inspiration the wind bloweth where it listeth; and I am not one of those who can explain or account for it. I was born and bred, but I have not permanently resided, in Arcadia. I spent the best thirty years of my life in the House of Commons, where we do not deal with imagination, except, perhaps, in our estimate of the motives of our opponents, and the value of our own attempts at eloquence. And yet in the House of Commons, as in the Senates of all famous nations, there is an alliance between politics and the more solid—and, it may be, the more stolid—departments of literature. It was so in ancient Rome, where eminent public men were always reading, and dictating, and jotting down their thoughts, at the banquet and in the bath, on board ship, and in their travelling litter. They were perpetually writing; and some of them, it must be admitted, wrote very badly. I seem to recall a stanza by Mr. Matthew Arnold on that very subject, which runs somewhat thus:

In his cool hall, in studious plight.

The Roman noble sat;

But, though he held his style upright,

His style was very flat.

The season at which fragments of literature are at an immense premium in politics is at the approach of a General Election. I remember how, on such an occasion, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was starting on a speak-

ing tour in Scotland, he said to his colleagues, as he made his way to the door along the Treasury Bench: "Good-bye! I'm off to my constituents. It is a case of half-a-crown for a joke, and ten shillings for a Scriptural allusion."

But, speaking seriously, there is one province of literature which is very closely allied to politics. The period which an historian spends in Parliament, however long that period may be, is never wasted. There he learns, as he can learn nowhere else, the cardinal truth that great political events generally are caused, and always are accompanied, by great passions and great emotions; and that an historical representation of a national crisis, which is cold and lifeless, may have important merits of its own, but can be no true picture. Ah! gentlemen, the golden age of the historian, in every sense of the word, was the third quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when Doctor Robertson got four thousand five hundred pounds for his "Charles the Fifth," as well as a gold snuff-box from that estimable potentate, the Empress Catherine of Russia. In those halcyon days peers and landowners, all our island over, kept their libraries as well supplied as their cellars and their ice-houses; and they never hesitated about paying down their two guineas, or three guineas, for a bulky quarto: whereas in our time smart people, and people who want to be thought smart, buy, not books, but motors. And again, the historian in old days was free from other forms of persecution which now beset a well-meaning writer who aspires to please, as well as to instruct, his public. If Gibbon was alive now he would be told by one critic that he had not studied his authorities in the original manuscript, or paid sufficient attention to recent discoveries in archaeological research; and another critic would inform him that history has nothing to say to morality,

and that, instead of calling Marcus Aurelius a virtuous ruler, and Commodus an odious tyrant, he ought to have recounted the bare facts relating to them in unadorned language, and have left questions of right and wrong alone. What a notion is this of converting history into an arid science, and divorcing it from the study of human character and human conduct! Where else, I should like to know, can the men of later times learn to avoid the errors which are fatal to the prosperity, and even to the existence, of nations, if not from the story, told as a true historian tells it, of the follies and faults, the wisdom, the heroism, and the self-sacrifices of the past?

I earnestly trust that there is no one here who looks to me for suggestions and proposals about the organization of the book trade. You could not have selected a less likely man for that purpose. I have not even any remark to make about the great controversy which has so long occupied the thoughts of so many here present; except that I unfeignedly hope that all difficulties have now been arranged to the satisfaction of every one concerned. If there is to be war in the Balkans (which Heaven avert!), at all events let there be peace on Mount Parnassus. There is no more peaceable, and entirely and placidly contented, citizen than myself in all the republic of literature. I was brought up from a child among those who were book-lovers, but not bookworms; and I felt among books, in the words of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," as a stable-boy feels among horses, or (to use a simile which comes nearer home to me) as a gamekeeper's son feels among setters and retrievers. I delight in all the details of the most delightful among callings. I receive proof sheets with a hearty welcome, and send them away with unfeigned reluctance. I love book-lists and book-plates and book-

covers. But, above all, I love a bookshop—the interior, if I can find an excuse for entering the door, or, at the very least, the rows of open volumes displayed in the window. Of all places of business they are the most attractive, and not on account of their shopwares only. Nowhere does the spirit of courtesy and essential refinement more universally prevail than among those who are engaged, in any capacity, in the business of books. A visit to a leading book-mart, in London or in the provinces, is always made a treat for a civil-spoken author—a treat tempered only by the feeling that he would gladly see more of his own productions lying on the counter. I have known booksellers—though never, perhaps, publishers—who had a stern and formidable exterior aspect; but the terrors were all on the surface. Some thirty years ago I was in Mr. Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly; and after a while Mr. Quaritch himself issued from his inner sanctum and began a conversation. "I knew your uncle," he said. "He used to come here a great deal. He was a very common sort of bookbuyer; he always bought to read." But there was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke; and he went on to tell me how one of his two most valuable clients always knew the contents of every book that he purchased, and that client was the late Lord Crawford and Balcarres.

And then with regard to the publisher. I am pretty deeply read in what has been written during the last two hundred years about the natural antagonism between publishers and authors; nor am I one of those who lightly abandon any time-honored jest. But my own experience, and my observation, so far as it extends, of the experience of others, has led me to pleasant and satisfactory conclusions about the most important of those relationships which exist in the family of let-

ters. The literature of the ages, ancient and modern alike, would indeed be poorer if the correspondence between the men who wrote books, and the men who gave them to the world, had never seen the light. Atticus was Cicero's nearest friend, and he was his publisher likewise—an easy business when all that was required was to set half a hundred slaves writing for their lives in making copies of the "De Officiis," or the "Orations against Catiline." What story, in any language, surpasses in interest the letters of Lord Byron to John Murray? What a picture they afford, on the side of the older man, of wise and honest goodwill, and of untiring patience and forbearance; and on the part of the younger man, what an outpouring of wit, and vigor, and vitality! Nor can I forget that there are those present in this room who are united by an old family connection, more prolonged than any recorded in literary history—a connection never clouded with suspicion, never disturbed by even the shadow of a misunderstanding. It began in the year 1842, sixty-six years ago, when Lord Macaulay's first books were published; indeed, it may be said to have begun in 1825, when the Essay on Milton was sent by a certain briefless barrister to the "Edinburgh Review." Perhaps the greatest difficulty occurred

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in the first twelve months, when Mr. Longman—aware that it is the duty of a publisher to check the self-satisfied writer, and encourage the diffident—was at much pains to persuade Macaulay to let his lucubrations appear in book form at all. For the "Lays of Ancient Rome," in the opinion of their author, were by no means the sort of verse which would please the public taste; and he himself has stated, in the preface to the Essays, that those very ephemeral productions in prose could not be expected to obtain a place in permanent literature. I admit that, after his experience of these first publications, he was not without hopes that some people might be found who would care to read the History. Macaulay has left much to me, and to those who are coming after me; but he has left us hardly anything of higher value than the close bond of friendship, and mutual service, which has already united us for two generations—and may, there is reason to anticipate, unite us for another generation yet—to a certain house in Paternoster Row. And now I have said my say, and have unfolded my budget of memories; and I end, where I began, by congratulating all here present on this happy scheme of calling together in festive, and fraternal, reunion the three great orders of workmen in the craft of literature.

THE UNIVERSITY MANNER.

It has been my fate or my good fortune to go back to live in my old University after the lapse of that period of time which separates youth from middle age, and so often divides the birth of hopes from the death of illusions. It has been an interesting if somewhat chastening experience, and has led me to consider what it is that gives a peculiar stamp to University

society. How can one explain the fact that whereas those whose lot is cast in Oxford or Cambridge find it hard to conceive the possibility of any other life offering equal intellectual opportunities and social satisfaction, many who have once stepped outside the charmed circle find it as difficult to make up their minds to re-enter it. Before discussing these divergent

points of view let me emphatically assert that I have no intention of taking up the obnoxious position of the Londoner who regards every place outside the Metropolis as "provincial" in a depreciatory sense. The analysis of a social atmosphere is always interesting, if perplexing: its very intangibility tempts one to try to seize and define what, when all is said, remains elusive.

There is, I maintain, no question that the society of a University town is stamped with certain special characteristics which impress the returning wanderer with a somewhat unpleasant sense of being an outsider, "suffered" indeed, but not always "gladly." First among these is a kind of self-sufficiency or superiority; and it is in no unfriendly spirit that I make the criticism and try to note some of the causes which account for the attitude.

A University mainly exists for the education of youth, and there is hardly a resident who is not occupied during term time either in teaching or in initiating into the ways of society the undergraduate fresh from his public school. The evolution of the man from the school-boy is largely brought about by a treatment that assumes him to be mature, in expecting from him the mind, conversation and manners of the finished product. This is not to be easily achieved, and while the don is at work on him, eliciting an intelligent interest in letters or science, the women-kind are occupied in teaching him the little arts of social intercourse. All this practically results in a system of patronage, well intentioned and necessary when applied to youth, but mistaken and irritating when it becomes a habit that cannot be laid aside, and is applied to compeers in age and standing.

Again, the vastness of London is a great safeguard against an exaggerated importance of personality. There are so many different social circles, and

these so constantly overlap, that one passes from being a well-known, even a distinguished figure in one group to being a complete nonentity in another. But in a University the names, status, and achievements of the residents are known to every one, and the only *sine quâ non* is to be within the academic circle. This has, I venture to think, the double disadvantage of preventing a man from finding his own level outside University life, and in the same way of hindering the alien from being taken at his true value within it.

If the dweller in cities is prone to be influenced unduly by the opinion of those who are outside his own world, the University man is apt to think that most deficiencies may be covered by his intellectual grace. While the *ex cathedra* attitude so prevalent in cap and gown society is easily explained by the fact that nearly everybody is either a pedagogue or *in statu pupillari*, the atmosphere of mutual admiration in which the majority of the elect live is likewise accounted for by the tendency of the society to exalt all its members.

An indirect and somewhat amusing result of this corporate self-sufficiency is seen in a sublime disregard of fashion and conventions except such as are self-ordained. Members of a University seem to feel like the Jews of old, that they are set apart as a chosen people. It is no doubt their honest belief that they are leaders of the intellectual life of England, and as such are in mid-stream, while the rest of us are in the backwaters of life, though imagining ourselves to be in the thick of its activities. It may be remembered with what undisguised surprise Oxford society greeted the action of the late Master of Balliol in filling his house each week-end with guests drawn from centres of interest elsewhere. It might truly be said that, although no place is more ready than

a University to entertain strangers, it has rarely discovered that it has been entertaining angels unawares. I hold the humble opinion myself that it takes all sorts to make a world, but it only seems to take one sort to make a University world, and though that sort may be and is one of the best, the texture of life would be seriously impoverished if it were to prevail in the long run.

The root of the matter is doubtless to be found in the lack of that particular sense of humor which, when present, prevents us from taking ourselves too seriously.

But lest I should seem captious, let me now discuss the attractive side of the University manner, and record here my hearty appreciation of the genuine and simple hospitality so readily offered to friends in Oxford and Cambridge, and one of the most charming features of both places. No "champagne-standard" exists, to debar the less wealthy from entertaining or being entertained, and in contrasting their social gatherings with those common elsewhere the advantage is all on the side of the Universities. However far afield one may have wandered one can never forget delightful evenings passed in eager talk on men and letters, nor the friendly courtesy distinctive of such meetings. Nowhere is conversation so unfettered by convention, and nowhere does it range so naturally over the whole of life. The interest in it is indeed rather from a speculative than from a practical point of view, and there is perhaps a tendency to ignore what may be called the moods and fashions of modern thought and feeling as unworthy of consideration. New movements, for example, in art, music, or the drama and the changes of political life do not readily awaken interest, and nowhere do people care less about being up to date in these matters.

Another characteristic I must mention, for it is especially noteworthy of those who live for the most part in that atmosphere of indifference which belongs to the society of a large town. I mean the social memory, which, though it may be the outcome of continual concentration on local affairs, gives one, when brought into contact with its possessors, a delightful sense of being included, at least for a brief moment, in the life of the place. Who has not been struck on returning to his university after many years, to find that those who have never left it still remember the incidents of his residence, the interests he had, and the contemporaries who were his friends? When one thinks of the rapidity with which generations of undergraduates succeed one another, it is a constant surprise to find that one's personality is still kept in memory by many with whom one had but an acquaintance in a corporate life for a short spell in one's youth. Such a memory is indeed a royal gift, and has perhaps no small influence in keeping alive the strong affection for what would otherwise be but the home of ghosts.

Still another charm peculiar to the older universities, and one of which its members may not be so conscious as we casual visitors, a charm which draws us back to the old haunts, and makes a lengthened sojourn appeal to us irresistibly, is the atmosphere which pervades them of intellectual strenuousness combined with academic leisure—hardly to be found elsewhere. The influx of youth, ardent and enthusiastic for work or play, prevents that stagnation which creeps so surely over a cathedral town, while the patient methods necessary for all higher research, the dignity that invests a place hoary with traditions, help to produce a peace and quiet foreign to any centre where commercial and other interests jostle each other. Birmingham

and Leeds can never hope to have that air of serenity and repose which belongs to Oxford and Cambridge.

If I have complained of something approaching a well-bred arrogance in the university manner, I must not conclude without bearing testimony to an unfailing readiness on the part of the busiest man to spend time and trouble in manifold ways where the assistance of a scholar and an expert is essential, but could be neither expected nor

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claimed. Many have benefited by their ungrudging help, whether it be in advice on literary efforts or counsel on a future career.

It is with such thoughts that I console myself when irritated by the conviction that, in the mind of the elect, I may be "among them" but never truly "of them," and that for my own part they must continue to appear a little less than kin, but more than kind.

THE CURE'S WINE.

M. le Curé bowed his head as his niece Rosalie placed the bottle of red wine in front of him, and murmured a prayer, signing himself with the Cross before he took up the cobwebbed bottle and looked at it fondly. "May her soul rest in peace, Madame Mathieu!" he said aloud. "She was an excellent woman. It is well for her to be in heaven before these last sad days. And her wine excellent as herself."

He whisked out the cork like an expert, and the wine flowed in the glass. He put it to his lips, and then set it back on the table. "It is not Madame Mathieu," he said. "It has less body and tastes less of the sun. What hast thou been about, Rosalie, careless one? Thou hast opened another instead of Madame Mathieu. Perhaps la Veuve Cornichon—a good woman, too, but her wine newer than I like it. Why, Madame Cornichon has not been in the cellar above two years. I bottled her barely three months ago. She ought to stand a year. Little one, thou hast spoilt a bottle of good wine."

Rosalie, a tall, fair girl, with sad eyes, and the fine, colorless skin which is a French characteristic, was not mystified by her uncle's utterances as another might have been. "Shall I remove Madame Cornichon?" she asked,

"and bring Madame Mathieu in her stead? I am so sorry, my uncle, to have been so careless."

"Well, well, child," he said, his hand upon the bottle. "We need not waste good wine, even if it is over-new. It means two prayers instead of one that is all. Bring me a bottle of Madame Mathieu. And thou shalt take Madame Cornichon to Jean Bernard. Jean need not fear the gout like thy uncle, since he is not long for this world. And tell Jean to pray for the soul of Madame Cornichon. He is *bon garçon*, our good Jean. There will not be many left like him when he is gone."

It was a wild, wet evening and the wind shook the closed windows in their sockets. M. le Curé had had a hard day. It had been the Blessing of the Sea and the ceremony had taken place in a high wind, with drifted sand cutting the people's faces, and the spindrift like wool blown along the beach. M. le Curé had preached his sermon in the teeth of the wind; and his throat was yet husky with the effort of making himself heard, and dry with the sand. The red wine of Madame Mathieu was very grateful as he sat by the fire after a good simple meal, stroking the head of Lizette, the French poodle, who sat gazing at him with

narrowed eyes of ecstatic devotion.

Even the Radicals of Pont-sur-Grave had very little to allege against M. le Curé. He was a hard-working, self-denying, devoted parish priest; and he had very little to comfort him in these latter days, when the Church was suffering persecution and his stipend had almost reached vanishing point. Worse, the gross spirit of a material scepticism had arisen in his little village of Pontoise. Only that day old Jean Bernard's grandson, who was a *douanier* in the south and was home on leave, had argued with him grossly over one of the most sacred mysteries of his religion. The people were not what they had been. The old people were devout and simple still; but the young people, so many of whom he had christened, were not the same. Some of the girls had been to Paris, and had brought back wicked things from the town. They were not modest as they had been. The youths argued among themselves, as Pierre Bernard had tried to argue with him, handling holy things grossly. Why, even he, the old man who had christened them, had been flouted in the streets of the village, where, once upon a time, the one who had done the like would have met with very short shrift at the hands of those who were old now and feeble, like Jean Bernard, like Antoine Merlan, who was lying dead at this moment in his cottage, a gauze veil over his face, and the medals he had won for saving life pinned on his breast.

The Curé sighed as he held Madame Mathieu between him and the fire, rejoicing in the deep red light of the wine. It was the one indulgence he permitted himself, the glass of good wine, and he shared it with his sick and old. For many years now he had devoted the offerings at the Masses for the dead to the purchase of wine, a cask for each dead parishioner, never omitting, when he drank of the wine,

to pray for the repose of the soul. He had had no qualms of conscience about his cellar. Personally he was very abstemious; a little wine sufficed for his needs, and he had always been ready to give a bottle of wine to those who required it. In these days when there was so much trouble the glass of good wine comforted him. Yes, it was very good, his wine. His old friend at Rheims, M. Duclaux, had bought him his wine for many years. Every time there was a funeral of any importance there was a new cask. And he had bottled it himself, with the most loving care. Not a bottle had ever gone sour.

You could not please M. le Curé better than by a compliment to his wine. He was never better pleased than when he carried a bottle of it, neatly done up in a basket, to one of his old or sick people, and they related to him what great benefit they had derived from the last bottle. Every one knew M. le Curé's weak point, and how it brought the flush of pleasure to his cheek and the light to his eye when his wine was praised; and the old people would have considered it the greatest impoliteness not to give him the pleasure.

He sipped the wine with the air of a connoisseur. Ah, yes—that tasted of the good Burgundian sun as it lies on the long slopes of the vineyards. It was a good year, that year of Madame Mathieu. He remembered how Edouard Duclaux had said that Madame Mathieu would repay for keeping. What a woman Madame Mathieu had been! So good to the Church and the poor. The Curé sighed as he thought how she was now enjoying her eternal reward.

Rosalie brought in a lamp and set it on the table. Was it the lamplight striking upwards that cast such deep shadows about Rosalie's eyes, and set hollows in her cheeks and at her tem-

ples? She was the only child of his dead brother, Louis, and very dear to the Curé. It was a grief to him to see the child in pain. Here was something his red wine could not comfort, nor his tenderness reach. His little Rosalie! He could only commend her to the good God. That villain Baudoin! What harm he had done, and was doing every day, to the Church of God and the poor, deluded people! And to think that it was on Baudoin's son that poor Rosalie should have set her heart!

Rosalie never sang now as she had been used to when she washed up in her little kitchen. He heard her moving about quietly among the pots and pans, and he sighed for the joyous Rosalie of old. If it had been possible to make the child happy! If it had been any one but François Baudoin, who never came to Mass and was his father's son. He knew nothing worse than that against the lad but it was bad enough to be his father's son and never to come to Mass. He had been a pupil of the Lycée, and they said had done honorably, and was to be an avocat in Paris. He was a slim, dark, eager boy and only that day, meeting M. le Curé in a narrow passage between the houses of Pont-sur-Grave, he had reddened uneasily while he made way for him to pass. To be sure, his mother was a good woman; and mothers count for much. Poor Madame Baudoin, who worked so hard at the Hôtel du Commerce, only that her husband might carry on his Radical campaign and write his infamous newspaper. He was a *vaurien*, this Baudoin. Every one knew he did nothing but drink absinthe and talk and write his infamous stuff that insulted the good God and corrupted the people. Poor Rosalie! Poor child! M. le Curé thought of Madame Baudoin creeping into the church to Mass, hiding behind a pillar, and stealing away before

any one could speak to her. A most unhappy, good woman. He would not have his Rosalie, his little one, know such unhappiness as that for worlds.

He took another sip of Madame Mathieu. Then he withdrew from his pocket a small folded packet, which he set away from him on the table as though it were something noisome. It was that day's issue of *Le Libre Penseur*, the organ of the anti-clerical party of Pont-sur-Grave, edited and written by Baudoin. Some one had given it to him during the day. But he had to see what it said, so that he might be prepared to confute it.

He guessed that the paper would be worse than usual. It was Baudoin's hour of triumph, for he had succeeded in getting the promise of a visit to Pont-sur-Grave from one of the leaders of the anti-clerical party, a Socialist, a foul-mouthed person whom all respectable people reprobated, even those of his own party, but a hero to *Le Libre Penseur*. In his train was coming a rabble rout of all that was most infamous in the gutter politics of Paris. Every anti-clerical for miles round, to say nothing of those from distant towns, would flock to Pont-sur-Grave. There would be feasting, noisy crowds, bands, speeches. The good God would be insulted. The old scandals and slanders would be raked up and repeated regardless of the many times they had been refuted. Baudoin would be more insupportable than ever.

Rosalie went up the little wooden staircase with a sad step. M. le Curé remembered when she had sprung up it, singing like a canary. He sighed as he took the thing he loathed and gingerly unfolded its damp and clinging sheet. It was ill-printed, smudged, on wretched paper, and it was heavily headlined.

M. le Curé glanced shrinkingly at the outside, with headlines promising Zolaesque details of scandals, mainly

clerical or conventual. The color came to his cheek as he read one of the cases. He opened the dirty little sheet. Within was a flare of headlines, the record of Baudoin's triumph. His hero was to be at Pont-sur-Grave on Sunday. His arrival was so timed that the procession should pass the old church during the hour of Mass. He was to speak in the Place at three o'clock, the hour of Benediction. In the evening there was to be a banquet at the Hôtel du Commerce.

M. le Curé put down the paper and stared at the fire. He had a naïve wonder that the good God, so well able to defend Himself and His flock, should allow those insects to direct their petty stings against Him. Then his eyes closed as he passed to rapt contemplation of the patience of God; and for a moment he was steeped in heavenly things. Rosalie came in, carrying a tray; and with a start he returned to the things of life.

He called the girl gently by her name.

"Rosalie, *ma fille*," he said softly.

She stood, having put down the tray, without coming to him, her eyes on the ground.

"Come here, Rosalie, good child!" he said.

She came to him unwillingly and stood by him with an averted face. While he watched her, a fatherly tenderness in his expression, the large tears formed under her eyelids and began slowly to run down her face. There was something ominously quiet in her tears. He felt he could have borne sobbing and hysterics better than those quiet tears, which had something dreadfully patient about them.

"Rosalie, daughter," he said, "thou knowest that thy old uncle would make thee happy if he could."

The slow heave of her breast answered him.

"If he could," the old man went on tenderly. "If he could, there is no sacrifice he would not make for his child's happiness. But see you, Rosalie, this Baudoin grows worse and worse. He is like a devouring flame among the people. He insults the good God. He would tear down the Church. Child, is there none whom you could have chosen for a husband except the son of this infamous one?"

He held the girl's hands in his own while she struggled to break away from him.

"Poor little one," he went on, with a compassionate tenderness. "I know all. I know how thou hast met this François Baudoin on Sundays at the dance at the Café du Parc. It is not a place where I would have looked for thee and him. It must not be again. They are ready enough to throw mud at us. Child, if it were only myself, but it is the Church, it is the cause of the good God—it is . . ."

Rosalie broke suddenly from his hands, rushed from the room and upstairs, where he heard her close and lock the door of her little room behind her. Every sound was audible in the house. He heard the thud of her knees on the uncarpeted floor as she dropped down beside her bed.

"Ah, poor child!" he said softly to himself; and he looked pale and unnerved as though he had been through a hard physical struggle: "poor child, she prays. That is well. The good God will help her. She knows her old uncle would not forbid her happiness without grave reasons. She is a good girl, good enough to be a nun. I remember her at the First Communion—"

He wandered off in thoughts of how the people had said that Mlle. Rosalie would surely be a nun. Oddly enough, the suggestion did not altogether please him. He was not sure that he wanted his Rosalie to be a

nun. And the Sisters were not sheltered, not safe now, as they used to be; thanks to Baudoin and his like. It would be very lonely if Rosalie was a nun. Marriage was good for a woman, and presently there would be Rosalie's children. How he would spoil them, the little rascals!

If it had been any one, any one but Baudoin's son! Oh; and so Madame Baudoin was to prepare the Sunday's feast! Well, she was an excellent cook, none better. He remembered still a *vol-au-vent* she had sent in. It was when the Bishop had dined at the Hôtel du Commerce—the Bishop and fifty of his priests on the occasion of a great fête. Nowadays, only the anti-clericals went to the Hôtel du Commerce. Poor Madame Baudoin! She came of a good Catholic family. It must be bitter for her to cook for *ces scélérats*.

Thinking his thoughts, his eye roamed over the blurred sheet and was suddenly arrested by his own name. He read, while the color deepened in his cheek, grew dark, as though some one had struck him. Hitherto *Le Libre Penseur* had spared him, had even referred to him patronizingly as one who would have been very well, if he had not happened to belong to the Church that robbed and oppressed the people. Now Baudoin had changed his tone, had become insulting. There was a stupid and coarse jeer at his wine and his love for it. A wine-bibber, the paragraph called him, living on luxuries wrung from an impoverished people. "He prides himself as a connoisseur of wines," Baudoin had written. "He is no such thing. The wines are said to be poor and sour. They please him well enough, those funeral wines. What an outrage on so-called religion that he should name his thin wines from the dead, since they were purchased with money wrung from the poor dupes who thought to buy Para-

dise for their dead with a Mass."

There followed a coarser jeer still. M. le Curé put down the paper on his knee and sat like one stunned. He had never thought of himself in that way, in his hard, self-denying life, that he should be held up to scorn and mockery because he found comfort in a glass of red wine. Was he a wine-bibber then, a glutton, a lover of luxury? And his harmless idea of naming the wines. He had meant no harm by it. He had meant good indeed, since he never drank without praying for the souls of the dead. The jeer at the quality, too, of his wines hurt him. He sat silent for quite a long time. And Baudoin knew the wines were good, none better than he. He had not been married to the Hôtel du Commerce these twenty-five years back, not to know good wine.

Somehow the flavor seemed to have gone out of the Madame Mathieu. He drank what was left in the glass and it was cold and thin, almost as though it were gone sour. Yet he had bottled it himself, and he had always been successful with his wines. He put away the bottle and went upstairs with a slow step. He felt as though he had been shamed publicly. Was it true that he had been thinking of his wines while his flock suffered neglect? The accusation, grotesque to any one who knew him, seemed harder to bear than if he had been accused of more serious things. His simple pleasure had been turned to a sin and a reproach.

The next day while he walked in his little garden, between the hollyhocks—everything seemed only fresher and sweeter for yesterday's storm, and the wind had had no power to beat down the flowers sheltered between the high walls,—Rosalie came to his side quietly and hid her eyes on the shiny sleeve of his cassock, rusty-brown now instead of black, because he had worn it so long.

"I am so sorry, my uncle, so

ashamed," she whispered, and her voice was so low that he could hardly hear it.

"Thou seest now," he said, "*filie!*" The word had an extraordinary tenderness. "Those Baudoins—they are not fit for my child."

"Ah, but François, he is not as his father. He is heart-broken. He gives me up because of it. I shall die of grief, my uncle."

He said nothing, only his heart commended her passionately to the good God, to the Mother of God and all the Saints, for comfort. He lifted his old knotted and stained hand and stroked her soft, pale-brown hair. Then suddenly she dashed away from him and he heard her shut herself in the kitchen.

He let her alone. For a few seconds he stood so still that a brown bee hummed its way out of the hollyhock and settled on his cassock. Slowly he turned and went into the house, took his hat and departed. There was illness in the village, and a good many folk to be visited. He did not feel that he could bring them a bottle of wine cheerfully, as he would have done yesterday, bidding them note its fine color and its *cru*. All that was done with. He felt ashamed as he went down the Rue Artois, as the little street was called absurdly. Had his people seen that rag and were they laughing at and misjudging him? It was a beautiful, sunny day, but as he walked in the shadow of the houses one side of the street he felt that he crept. Baudoin had torn the rags from his innocent folly and left him naked and ashamed.

After all there was nothing in the eyes of the people except that they were a little kinder. He felt that they knew and were sorry for him. Yesterday he would have said: "See then, you shall have a bottle of M. le Notaire Duchesne. It will put the life in you,

mon brave. There is nothing like good wine for lifting the heart and ordering the digestion." It seemed worlds away, the yesterday in which he could have said that. He felt wretchedly shy before the kind eyes and was glad to escape from them.

Where the Place emerges on the Quai he met with M. de Baecker, one of the wealthy merchants of Pont-sur-Grave and a good Catholic, who was driving his own sleek horse in his own neat gig. M. de Baecker pulled up and leant confidentially to M. le Curé. His bright eyes twinkled in his comfortable face.

"*Bon jour monsieur*," he said. "How goes it with the health? Ah, good, very good. That excellent wine, it keeps the health in the body." He looked away politely from M. le Curé as he said it. Then his cheerful glance came back. "That pig, Baudoin!" he went on. "Some of his sins have found him out. Not but what I am sorry for the poor woman. Those people there will not like their dinner washed down with water. How Baudoin will rave! It is the very act of Heaven that the wines should go sour."

"The wines! What wines, my friend? What is it you are talking of?" asked the bewildered Curé.

"It is that there is not a sweet bottle of good wine in the cellars of the Commerce. All are gone sour, sour as vinegar. And Madame, tearing her hair, says it is a judgment, poor soul! The best bins were to be opened for Sunday night. And now"—he shrugged his shoulders—"there is *vin ordinaire*; but those gentry will not drink *vin ordinaire*, and the Commerce is disgraced. No one in the town will give them a bottle of wine, and there is no time to send for it. It will be perhaps the downfall of Baudoin. They will never forgive him for the sour wine."

M. de Baecker nearly chuckled himself into a fit. When at last he had

driven off, M. le Curé walked on like a man in a dream. His walk took him along the river-banks towards Pont-sur-Grave. He walked like a man in a dream, but a certain purpose was forming within him.

The Place was being cleared up after the Saturday morning market. The few people who were about stared to see the Curé of Pontoise walk in at the swing door of the Hôtel du Commerce. Time was when cassocks were common enough there; but it was long since one had crossed the threshold.

There were only a couple of old men playing dominoes at a table in the corner, so engrossed in the game that they never looked up to see who the new-comer was. There was no Madame knitting behind the rows of colored bottles on the counter as he remembered her: but a lumpish girl of sixteen or thereabouts, who stared at him as though he had two heads when he asked for Madame.

She was in her little private office across the courtyard. Her account-book was open on the desk before her, but she was not adding up the figures, because her face was down on her hands and the slow tears of middle-age were trickling between her fingers.

"Madame Baudoin!" he said.

She looked up with a gasp and he saw the ravages of trouble in her poor, tear-distorted face.

"Monsieur le Curé!" she whispered. "I am in grief. Oh, monsieur, why are you here? If Baudoin should come——"

"My poor child," he said. "I do not fear your husband. Is it true that you have no wine?"

"It is true. And Baudoin will kill me. It is the judgment of God. Every drop in the cellar is sour as vinegar. Yet there was nothing wrong in the bottling. And why should it all sour like that, if it were not a judgment?"

"My child," said the Curé gently, "you shall have my wine. Your guests

shall not want for good wine. There is some in my cellar that has been maturing for years. You shall have the best of it."

"Oh, monsieur!" she stammered. "It is the mercy of the good God. The credit of the Commerce will be saved. And I will pay—every penny."

"I shall have enough for my poor after your guests have banqueted. You shall do what you will for my poor. But for me—not a penny. What does a poor Curé want with wine?"

The door was flung violently open, and Baudoin rushed in. His face was purple and his eyes starting from his head. Behind him in the doorway the scared faces of a couple of women-servants peered in.

"What is this I hear?" he shouted, and put a hand to his throat as though his cravat choked him. "That the wine is sour? If it is true——" for the first time he noticed the presence of the Curé, who stood meekly in the background. "So it is thus I find thee, hobnobbing with the enemy——"

M. Baudoin's language, even in good times, was not always for ears polite. Before his anger could resolve itself into foul speech M. le Curé interposed with a quiet dignity.

"I have come to the Commerce for the first time in many years," he said. "to offer Madame Baudoin the use of my wine cellar. I understand her wine has gone sour. It will sometimes happen, no matter how careful one is. I can answer for the quality of mine. I hope Madame will do me the honor to accept."

"To offer your wine, M. le Curé!" Baudoin repeated incredulously. Then his face changed and his mood.

"Why, you are a good comrade," he said, with a shamefaced heartiness. "And—and—I am sorry for what I wrote this week, M. le Curé. Against you I have no ill-will."

"Ah, thank you, M. Baudoin," the

Curé replied. "And"—for the life of him he could not keep back the retort—"I am very glad for your wife's sake that the wine is not thin and sour."

Let it be said for M. Baudoin that after the incident of the Curé's wine there was a perceptible chastening in the columns of *Le Libre Penseur*. Of course it would have been too much to expect that M. Baudoin should change completely; but the fact remains that in his later denunciations of the clerics he always stated formally that there were honorable exceptions to the general turpitude of the class. More, when M. Baudoin died, which event took place within two years of the banquet at the Hôtel du Commerce—from an injury received as a volunteer member of a lifeboat crew that effected a gallant rescue in a certain stormy winter—he died reconciled with the Church.

"Ah, well," M. le Curé would say long afterwards when he sipped a glass
The Pall Mall Magazine.

of Albert Baudoin, for the widow had given a cask of the finest Burgundy on the market to M. le Curé on condition that he drank it, praying every time he drank for the soul of the dead man, "there was much good in him after all. And the good God who made him will make allowances. Ah, rascal, is it thou? And what dost thou expect to find in the pockets of thy old uncle?"

This to a sturdy boy with a flaxen head who was making a determined onslaught on those pockets which never failed of a hidden store of fruit and sweetmeats, and were especially called upon when Madame François Baudoin and her children came to Pontoise for the *saison des bains*. M. Baudoin's holidays were fewer; he was a very busy man, being a highly successful avocat in Paris, and so generally esteemed that even his quiet adherence to the Catholic party did not injure him with his clients of a different way of thinking.

Katharine Tynan.

SPAIN TO-DAY.

We of this country who differ profoundly from the Spaniard have yet always had for him a certain admiring sympathy. It is an ancient sentiment with us—older than the great sixteenth-century struggle. Philip II. and the Inquisition obscured our friendship for a time, but did not destroy our goodwill. When the Spaniard ceased to be dangerous our old liking revived. Even when we hated and feared him there was a notable absence of the rancor we cherished against the French—if "we" may be allowed for the moment to mean Englishmen only, and the old alliance of Scotland and France be left out of the account. Raleigh's voice was always for war with the Spaniards, but he praised their patient valor

in America, and he found the noblest eulogy which one man has ever given to another for Antonio de Berrio. More cannot be said for any man than that he is a gentleman very valiant and liberal, of great assuredness and a great heart. The Spaniards of Defoe must have won the affection of generations of boys. We have loved their language as Sir James Stephen did, and as Professor Saintsbury, who thinks it the most beautiful of all next to Greek, now does. Those of us who live among them commonly avow our liking for them. It is true that this appreciation is subject to the limitations which controlled Mrs. Carlyle's friendship for De Quincey—she wanted to hug him and to toss him in a

blanket. The Spaniard is to be hugged for his virtues, but tossed in a blanket for his follies and ineptitudes. But then we would all prefer to have more reason for the embrace and less need for the blanket.

Whoever has known the Spaniards from of old must revisit them in these days with the wish to find them prosperous—and grown wiser. We can desire as much as that, and more, if only for the sake of the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and for the young king her husband. If we ourselves are wise we will not expect them to grow into Englishmen or Scotsmen. The five-fingered hand will not go into the four-fingered glove. Professor Unanmuno of Salamanca has good sense on his side when he turns the old French jest round, and declares that Europe begins at the Pyrenees. He is right to urge his countrymen to be even as the Japanese—to master the useful arts of Europe and remain themselves. The feat is more possible for them than for the Japanese. It is said of them that they are Christianized Arabs, and the description is more than a flashy phrase. There is that in them which is not European—which, if you like, is African or Asiatic, Berber or Arab. But they have assimilated three great European influences—a Latin speech, the Roman law, and the Roman Catholic Church,—and therefore they belong to Europe in the spirit more closely than by geography. No other people comes so directly and with so little break of connection from the later Roman Empire. The questions a prudent traveller will put to himself and endeavor to solve are these. Has the Spaniard, while remaining himself, begun to master the useful arts of Europe and thereby to gain for himself material prosperity? Has his intellect revived so that the business of administration is better done? Have his politics acquired foresight, the capacity

for seeing and accepting facts? Is he morally, as a thinking being and in his religion, more sane, more manly, less puerile than he was in the state in which the frantic errors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had left him?

One at least of these questions can be confidently answered in the affirmative. Spain is very far from approaching the prosperity of France. Nature has heaved the greater part of its surface into a high-lying tableland, scored by bare mountain rocks and torrential rivers running between precipitous banks. Except in a few happy districts sloping to the sea, the soil is mostly poor. All man's industry and wisdom at their best must for ever fail to give Central Spain the well-being of Great Britain or of France. Here and there in a river valley where the water-supply is constant, in the rich soil of the *Tierra de Campos*, or in a maritime province, there are oases of fertility. Spain has mines in abundance, but too often they lie where communications are difficult. Therefore the Spaniards have much to fight against. But they are far better to do in the world than they were, and are beginning to draw from their land what it can give. The plains of Old and New Castile do not now present the picture of treeless aridity we can read of in the books of old travellers. The crops are thin, and the woods are of pine, grown for the sake of the resin, but the country can do no better. For long centuries it gave far less. The traditional Castilian, standing idle in his rags and threadbare brown *capa*, is nowhere visible. On either side of the lines which go to Madrid by Valladolid and Segovia, or by Siguënza and Guadalajara, the people look healthy, sinewy, well-fed, well-dressed. Districts of dire poverty are to be found. Near Salamanca there are people in the state of our own Devonshire Gubbinses

of former times. In the south-west, the country of great estates, absentee landlords, and middle-men, there is an intensity of misery which is driving whole villages to emigrate to the Argentine Republic. None the less the general improvement is notable, and for Spain it is the very foundation of all hope for the future. *Pobreza no es vileza*, according to the proverb—poverty is not baseness; but however true that may be in certain senses, there is a poverty which by impoverishing the blood of a people starves their brain, paralyses their character, and depresses them below the very wish to strive for better things. Spain suffered from such poverty as that. To-day it is coming out of the wilderness, and as its physical energy revives it will rebel more and more against the conditions which once brought it to the verge of death by starvation, and still keeps it poorer than it need be.

The character of the emigration from Spain has had a distinct part in forwarding the return of comparative prosperity. There are those who go and who do not return,—who go with wife and child, and as we are told, even with the parish priest—go as a tribe goes,—to the River Plate or to Oran, where the villages are described as being often purely Spanish. But there are others who go to make a small fortune and come back. All along the north and northwest of Spain the "Indiano" is a known type. Now the Indiano is the man who has gone to America, which to the mass of the Spaniards is still "the Indies," has made a little fortune, and has come home. Young Spaniards go from the north to the United States, to Mexico, to Cuba, to the River Plate. They send money home to the old people, and are very keen to send it so as to get the best bargain out of the exchange. Then many come home with as much money as will build a small

cottage for their parents, and then go out again "to earn the furniture." In the end they come back for good, and settle down on the interest of their savings—some of them in pure idleness, others in small business or on the land. The money sent or brought to Spain by them has had a large share in bringing down the exchange from 33 pesetas to the pound sterling to 28; and that fall has worked for the general good. As the French shareholders in Spanish railways must be paid in francs, a high exchange meant that all the profits of the lines went to Paris. With the fall in the exchange a part remains to Spain. It is not often that we can praise the Government, and therefore it is the more pleasant to see that it has of late years made a good beginning in the work of settling colonies of small proprietors on waste and neglected land. When the prosperity of Spain is spoken of, the proofs are generally looked for in its trade and manufactures or its mining. Yet the basis of all is the agriculture—the business, directly or indirectly, of three-fourths of the population. The best sign of all for the country (or for any other) is that the agriculture, which we will allow to cover pasturage, is growing; and in Spain it is—in amount, and in method too, by the development of irrigation, by the use of better implements, by intelligent efforts to improve the breeds of cattle.

Thirty years of internal peace—disturbed at times, but never quite broken—have not been altogether wasted. The Spaniard has been allowed to obtain some reward for his labor, and he has shown that in spite of his old and well-established reputation for indolence he can work when he is free to profit by working. The old prejudice which counted industry as quite unworthy of a gentleman, and hardly becoming to a trusting Christian, has passed away, and so effectually

ally that the modern Spaniard appears to many to have an exclusive and sordid interest in what will bring profit. It is a foolish complaint to make, for the Spaniard was never indifferent to material advantage. The difference is that he looked to find it once in various forms of gambling and plunder, while to-day he is beginning to trust in trade, in irrigation, in electricity, and his mines or his plantations. All this is good, and is the necessary preliminary to everything else. The best chance that the Spaniard will rebel against bad government is that he will become too busy to tolerate slovenly mal-administration. The best hope that he will some day revolt decisively against the intellectual nullity and frivolity of his governors, and the stolid obscurantism of his Church, is that, being active in practical things, he will learn the need for serious thinking and for knowledge. But when the question is put, What progress has so far been made in the direction of this necessary revolt? the answer must be—Very little; so little that it is as good as none. The Spaniards are still in the preliminary stage. They are acquiring more food, more clothes, more comfort, but there is nothing to show that they have any intelligent idea how to go to work to free themselves from more subtle and more poisonous evils than poverty. Their administration remains the tangle of formalities it always was, is over-staffed, wretchedly paid, idle and corrupt, full of rivalries and jarring jealousies, every department being ready at all times to obstruct work in order to punish another for real or imaginary encroachments. There is a Spanish phrase, "Aquí mando yo," "I command here," which comes more readily to the mouth of a Government official than any other. The discharge of current business is constantly stopped by "competencias," disputes as to the limits of

authority. It is rarely that a settlement is treated as final, and a question apparently decided by supreme authority has constantly to be fought over again. And this administration interferes in every corner of Spain, while every one of its acts means a reference to Madrid, where some five thousand politicians and officials make a show of working for one-half of the day, and saunter in the streets for the other half. As for the corruption, why labor to affirm what all the world asserts and nobody denies? You may hear in Spain that a particular man is above corruption, but never that a department is. And there are politicians who are roundly accused of pure theft who are yet eminent leaders of parties, indispensable members of Liberal or Conservative cabinets. Spain has been infested for years by a species of false money—the Sevillano dollars. They contain as many grains of silver as the genuine coins, which are token money and are not made with five pesetas' worth of silver. But they were not struck in the Mint, and are liable to be rejected in Government offices and by the Bank—though they have passed freely enough between private persons. Now it is the general belief of Spaniards that they were largely coined by a particular Liberal politician, the Count of Romanones, who is by inheritance a very wealthy man, but (so you are told) so grasping that when in office he stole the very ink-bottles. Perhaps such tales as these do not speak so badly for the Spanish administration as others in which no direct charge of corruption is brought. Señor Maura, the present Prime Minister, is by common consent a man of honor. He is a barrister who has the largest practice in Madrid, and gained an income of from eight to ten thousand pounds of our money. When in office he does not practise, but his place in his "estudio," his chambers,

is taken by a "suplente" or representative. It is an acknowledged fact that when Señor Maura is in office the business taken to his chambers increases, because the clients believe that the courts will listen to the "devil" of the Prime Minister, and lean to his side from a wish to propitiate so great a man. The belief that the very Supreme Court itself does not decide on the merits of the case, but by influence, must be strong when such assertions as these are made as a matter of course. There is an atmosphere of corruption in and over all the business of government in Spain.

The Spaniards complain, protest, and deride in conversation and in print—universally, bitterly, and idly. Nothing changes, all things are the same. They are so much the same that, whatever appearances there may be to the contrary, Spain is still in the *régime* of pronunciamientos. The generals do not call the troops into the streets, but only because their power is too well established to need such demonstrations. About the end of 1905, in the month of November, a Catalan comic paper, "The Cu-Cut," printed some vulgar jests against the army. A crowd of officers rabbled the office of the paper, and the Liberal Government of the day was forced to pass the so-called law of jurisdictions, which subjected everybody accused of insulting the army to trial by court-martial. The Bill was passed, because the Cortes were plainly given to understand that they would be turned into the streets of Madrid if it were not passed. During the last session the Catalan deputies, who consider that Catalonia is particularly aimed at by the Act, demanded its repeal. Señor Maura refused to consent, while stoutly asserting that he was not coerced by the army. But everybody in Spain knew well that he was coerced. The law of jurisdictions is offensive to the whole body

of Spanish civilians. Yet there it stands, and is actively applied, for the army will have it so. It kills all criticism on the army, for if the chiefs are accused of any kind of error, however rightly, does not such a charge tend to weaken discipline? and is it not therefore an offence to the army? And this is a type of much else. The Spaniards are as helpless before many other things as they are before the law of jurisdictions—and for the same reason. What the army will not consent to they must not do; and in certain contingencies the army will support the Administration and the Church.

No doubt the explanation is too simple if it were meant to explain why the Spanish Government is bad by itself and without qualification. The "state of Spain question" is not so easily disposed of, and the country suffers from more than the interference of the army. There is a why of the why which accounts for the army's predominance, and it is to be found in the "Christian-Arab" quality of the Spanish character. The Arab has always been interesting and often brilliant—a knight, a poet, a partisan,—but he is essentially anarchical. He is incapable of either forming or steadily supporting an institution. Thanks to the Roman Empire and to the Church of Rome, which is "the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof," the Spaniard has had a drilling which the Arab never had. But the anarchical tendencies have been tamed, not extirpated. They work below the surface, and they break out. The claim of Catalonia for home rule, and of the Basque Provinces for separation, the imitations of these pretensions which inspire similar demands in other provinces, are anarchical. And so is the perpetual self-assertion of individual Spaniards. Poor Señor Ganivet declared that the true Spanish view of freedom was that every Spaniard

should have a charter in his pocket authorizing him to do exactly what he pleased. It was an anarchical act on Señor Maura's part to revive the Terrorist Bill, which had lain dormant since October, and force it through the Senate in May. When the Liberals and the workmen saw themselves menaced by a measure which proposed to give Government the right to appoint a committee of officials with absolute powers to confiscate and exile in every proclaimed district every one who was suspected of approving of "anarchist principles," they beat it anarchically by threats of barricades and assassination by bombs. The Bill was dropped, and everybody knew that it was withdrawn for fear of a Spanish repetition of the Lisbon tragedy. Señor Maura said not, but then he denied that the army had imposed the law of jurisdictions. It was an anarchical act on the part of Señor Sanchez Bustillo, Minister of Finance, to issue a royal order calling in the Sevillano dollars and throwing the loss on all who happened to hold them at the time. His order was beaten, as the Terrorist Bill was, by threats of riot and disturbance. There must be some binding institution to counteract this tendency to confusion, and as things go in Spain to-day it is the drilled fighting machine which will shoot at the word of command—the Army and the Guardia Civil.

Neither the Monarchy nor the Church could do the work. Don Alfonso XIII. is personally popular. He is sympathetic, and has shown himself brave. His subjects admire him for trusting himself bodily among them. His marriage was popular, for it gave the country security that the crown would not go to the child of his sister, whose father is a Neapolitan Bourbon. It united him to a constitutional dynasty, and was a pledge that he would govern constitutionally. But that popularity is purely personal, and it is not an in-

significant fact that though Spaniards remark on the predominant part which pigeon-shooting and polo take in their king's life, they rarely make this a subject of reproach. They do not expect the king to govern. They only ask him not to interfere in government in the way of Palace intrigue and under the influence of clerical cliques. If belief in the divine right of monarchy—or in monarchy as more than a convenient form of government which divides the country the least—survives, it is among the Carlists, and in them mainly as a pose.

The Church is still powerful in Spain. It has a strong hold on all the women and on some of the men. It could, perhaps,—or even probably,—renew trouble with the Carlists. Therefore it is treated with a deference and exercises an authority it has lost in every other Roman Catholic country. But the Church is no longer a uniting but a dividing force. The influence of the Pope and the bishops, whom the Government propitiates, acts as a restraint on the natural tendency of the clergy. Left to themselves, they would be Carlist; and if Carlism were to raise its head, there would instantly be another civil war. The danger may not be very great. A Spaniard who was asked by an English fellow-traveller in Biscay whether a Carlist war was a possibility, pointed to a stack of factory chimneys and said, "That is our best security against another." The development of the iron mining industry by English, French, and Belgian capital and skill; the concentration of the Basques in towns and mines where they fall under liberal, socialist, and anarchist influences and become anti-clerical; the break up of the old power of the señores—the squires—by economic influences; emigration and intercourse with foreigners,—are making a new Biscay. Still it is known that the Church would do all the mis-

chief it could if too deeply offended, and Spaniards, in their nervous desire for peace and prosperity, do not love it the better on that account. Of course, there are Spaniards, and men of note, who parade their Churchmanship; but there is a very sensible smack of contumacy of the "fanfarronades of belief," of pose about their eloquent praise of the national and traditional Catholicism of Spain. They know well enough that their Catholicism was judged and condemned by the squalid collapse of the seventeenth century. They are acting after the fashion of "Judaism" in Calderon's "Auto," who carried the corpse of "Synagogue" in his arms, knowing him to be dead, but resolved to assert that he was alive.

For the faith is dying in Spain. The faith of the people neither is nor ever has been the great doctrinal and mystic system which the Church holds up to the world. It was, and, so far as it survives, it is, the bundle of superstitious practices, of wonder-working ceremonies and formulas which are what the Red Man calls "great medicines," and of old tribal paganisms disguised under the names of Virgins and Saints. It holds the women, and by that very fact it divides families, for the men are largely indifferent or hostile, and it divides the men into those who are falling away and those who still adhere. Its influence on education is deplorable. The Church is, and must be, the enemy of all the knowledge which helps men to think, and of all independent thinking. It does much of the teaching. The Jesuits train the upper classes in their own well-known way. The Escolapios—the teaching order of Saint Joseph of Calasanz—train the middle class and many of the working class, and train them to be "little saints," little demure hypocrites, or bigots. The knowledge they give is a sordid little handful of useful information easily turned into money. It is a common

thing in Spain for workmen to send their children to Protestant mission schools and pay for them, because the education they give is better. Here again there is division and opposition of type to type, and of class to class. Where the workmen can, they have little secular schools of their own. Pablo Iglesias the anarchist has founded many, and Alexander Lerroux, the Republican leader in Barcelona, others.

The Church, too, has its own divisions of secular and regular, and of regulars among themselves. But the most irreconcilable divisions of the Church in Spain are those of race. The Escolapios, for instance, founded by an Aragonese, do not willingly recruit Castilians. The regulars, indeed, may stand together against the secular clergy, who in the country districts starve on a peseta a-day, and think two pesetas comfort. But they are divided among themselves. The Jesuits—the most international of orders—are little liked and much envied by other orders. They are detested meekly of course, but with fervor, by their peculiar rivals, the Escolapios. The intruding French orders are unwelcome to all. The appearance of the French teaching orders has been for the Spanish Church something of a "francesada," another Napoleonic invasion. The presence and the influence of French monastic orders in Spain is indeed no novelty. The monks of Clugny and the Cistercians were powerful in the twelfth century. French teaching orders of nuns have been known in Barcelona since 1650. When the Jesuits were suppressed in 1767 many Spanish families took to sending their sons to be educated in France. None the less the late invasion is a novelty, because it has been made on a great scale and with great resources. The French orders have come, men and women, bringing their pupils and money with them. They are most numerous

on the frontier from Biscay to Catalonia, but they have opened houses even in Madrid. Though they profess to aim mainly at educating the children of French families who are sent to them over the frontier, they are beginning to trench very closely on the Spanish teaching orders. The native nuns suffer most severely from their competition. A Spanish mother is largely influenced by the consideration that her daughter will learn French more easily by being brought up among French girls. And then there is no denying that however poor the education given in a French nunnery may be, it is far better than the mere mockery of education given in a Spanish house. The teaching orders of men do not command the field to the same extent as the women, but they also are formidable rivals to the native houses. It is easy to understand that these intruders are not loved by the Spaniards, whose business they spoil. To judge from much Spanish writing, French Catholicism is repugnant to the graver and more doctrinal Catholicism of Spain. That may be the case with those to whom Catholicism is a matter of thoughtful piety and doctrinal orthodoxy. But as it is purely a question of emotion to most of the men and to all the women, French Catholicism, with its pilgrimages to Lourdes, and its "Sacr   C  ur," its gushings and flushings of sentimental piety, has no difficulty in overcoming the opposition of Spanish orthodoxy. A Church which is yielding to alien invasion on its own soil is not in a position to supply Spain with leadership.

Good-natured people in this country sympathize with the outcry raised by the expelled French orders which clamor of persecution. It is therefore well to see what these sufferers from the Associations Bill do when they are free to follow their natural instincts—and to apply their principles. A Ro-

man Catholic priest, friar, or even layman, who is sincere, will always say that it is the duty of the Church to preserve its flock from being misled by false doctrine, and therefore to silence all teaching other than its own, for it only has the truth. The Spanish Church has always been eagerly disposed to do its duty in that respect, but its poverty, its political troubles, and the ruin of its monastic institutions after the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833, had much diminished its power. The arrival of the French orders with their capital, their strong organization, and the support they received from Rome, has been followed by a recrudescence of the wish to persecute, and of actual persecution, as far as that is possible. The foreign missions, British, American, and Swiss, receive some protection from their respective Governments, but native Spanish Protestants, or Spaniards who send their children to the mission schools, have no such defence. They are persecuted—or at least are worried—to the extent of the power of the Church and of bigoted laymen. It is not long since the populace of Madrid indulged in a significant demonstration. An Englishman died at a time when the chaplain of the Embassy was absent. Dr. Torros, the pastor of a Spanish Evangelical community which holds its services in the house in the Calle de Leganitos where the British and Foreign Bible Society has its office, was asked to perform the burial service. While he was reading the prayers a mob collected outside the cemetery, denounced him as a renegade, and threatened violence. When the Anglican Chapel in Barcelona was opened, the Bishop, who did his best to prevent the opening, insisted on the removal of the cross from the gable, on the ground that it was the symbol of a foreign religion, and that, as such, the constitution forbade it to be displayed. This incident

may be appropriately mentioned at present when there is some dishonest talk about the so-called sectarian hostility shown to the Eucharistic procession at Westminster. It is but just to add that the Bishop was ridiculed in the Catalan press, and a cartoon was drawn showing him knocking down the cross. The "Campana de Gracia," a lively illustrated print of anti-clerical tendencies, has just revived the memory of the Bishop's feat, and has contrasted it with the toleration of England, as "Una Clissó d'Historia," which is Catalan for a lesson in history. When these things happen in the capital and in a great seaport, it is easy to understand that more is done in small places, where the bigots are not restrained by the knowledge that they are watched by foreigners. The native Protestants who are gathered round Don Lopez Rodriguez, pastor of the province of Gerona, and director of the Figueras Evangelistic Mission, along with his English wife, the Hon. Gen. Secretary, are the victims of much petty persecution. Social obloquy, lawsuits for alleged insults to the Church, attempts to debar them from acquiring property, and such-like aggressions, are freely used. Now Figueras, being close to the French frontier, is a headquarters of the immigrant French orders. This increased revival of the old persecuting spirit of Roman Catholicism is emphatically their work, and we may be very sure that if the power to persecute more

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drastically were ever regained, the will to use coercion would not be wanting.

After looking it all over, the visitor who knows the country and can test the value of what he hears, has to come to the conclusion that Spain has prospered in material things, but that politically, intellectually, and spiritually it has only just begun to alter. Another twenty years of peace and of developed industry may do much for the country. The manful style in which the financial obligations imposed by the American war were met has given Spain good credit. If the country has not learnt all it might, and ought to have learnt, from a bitter experience, it has at least acquired an actual horror of adventures and disturbance. Hence the unaffected terror with which all Spaniards contemplated the mere possibility that they might be dragged into fighting in Morocco, and their determination to stand by the letter of the Algeciras bond. Hence, too, the fact that no Spanish party any longer contemplates an attempt to impose itself by the force of arms. The *entente cordiale* of Great Britain and France is in favor of the peace of Spain, since the two Powers are no longer engaged in counteracting one another's influence at Madrid. The chance that the needful twenty years of internal peace will be given is therefore good, but it is quite certain that nothing less will do, and it is unhappily very far from certain that the interval will be wisely used.

EMILY BRONTE.

Mrs. Gaskell, when she wrote her admirable life of Charlotte Brontë, did not only tell with practised art a strange and pathetic story; she did

* "The Brontës' Life and Letters": by Clement Shorter. Two vols. (Hodder and Stoughton. 24s. net.)

more than this—she created a legend. We do not imply that the legend was untrue either in fact or spirit; indeed what principally emerges from the

"Poems of Emily Brontë," with an introduction by Arthur Symonds. (Heinemann. 6d. net.)

mass of literature which has clustered round Haworth Parsonage since she wrote, is that, in spite of her imperfect materials and her brief acquaintance with Charlotte, she perfectly succeeded in placing her story in the right light. But a legend it is, in the sense that it has taken hold of people's imagination and made them crave to hear more and more about its origins. Book after book has been constructed upon the details of the story which have come to light at different times since then, as one person after another who had known the wonderful sisters produced fresh letters and reminiscences. Book after book has been written to prove that Mrs. Gaskell exaggerated or minimized, or overlooked various important or unimportant points. Haworth has become a place of pilgrimage; there are Brontë celebrations, a Brontë museum, a Brontë Society; some of the pilgrims have devoted themselves entirely to the investigation of the romantic story. A legend indeed; and yet the upshot of all these accumulations, impartially considered, is to show that Mrs. Gaskell made no serious mistakes or omissions. This is, on the whole, the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Shorter, who, of all living critics, has most identified himself with the story of the Brontës. In the preface to the two handsome volumes he has lately issued he disavows any claim to supersede the original biographer of the family. He gives the whole of the existing correspondence, for the first time collected together, including all that Mrs. Gaskell used, all that has since been published, and much that has not hitherto been published at all. Altogether he prints, in chronological order, over 700 letters, including, besides Charlotte's, the few that exist of Emily's, Anne's, and Branwell's, and a certain number from Charlotte's friend, Mary Taylor. Mr. Shorter adds no more than the barest outline of narrative, and attempts noth-

ing of the nature of a critical summary. His volumes are therefore merely supplementary, and the greater portion of them is already familiar to those who have followed the elaboration of the legend. Yet the legend is so perennially fascinating, that it is delightful to turn the pages, re-reading the old letters, and watching for new ones, here and there filling in gaps in one's knowledge and finding new light thrown, if not on the central figures, at least on the members of their small circle of correspondents and friends. Now, at last, we may say that the record is probably complete. It is not likely that there can be many letters of the Brontës still undiscovered, and since the death two years ago of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls there is no one left alive who had any intimate personal knowledge of the sisters. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Shorter's careful sweeping up of all the available fragments will put an end to fresh books about the Brontës, but they will scarcely have the excuse of being based upon new material.

Charlotte's two great friends who knew her before her days of fame, Ellen Nussey and Mary Taylor, both helped Mrs. Gaskell with impressions and reminiscences. But it was only Miss Nussey who saw much of her in later years, and she was in no way intellectually equipped for producing a complete portrait of her friend. She was a gentle, sensible, equable woman, and her companionship was a haven of comfort to Charlotte, especially in those later years of solitude, when the demons of depression had to be fought alone, through the long winter evenings, in the gloomy little parsonage. Mary Taylor, the original of Rose Yorke in "*Shirley*," was a very different nature. Mr. Shorter prints a good many letters of hers from New Zealand, where she was settled before Charlotte and her sisters became known as writers; and

we can now see that she, of all the circle, would have been best able, from her long knowledge and intellectual gifts, to understand and appreciate them. A comfortable friend and companion she possibly would not have been. Her life in New Zealand seems to have been something of a struggle, and her letters show an impatient and incisive mind, occasionally, it seems, a little disappointed under the trials of exile. The reverberations which reached her of the fame of the Brontës she received with an interest in which a certain bewilderment is perceptible. She had left a triad of impecunious sisters whose wildest ambition had apparently been to start a little school for young ladies. Suddenly she heard they had become authors, and by quick-degrees, too far away for her to follow, one of them had emerged as a novelist of commanding and recognized power. The distant friend seems to have had not a little difficulty in adjusting herself to the idea. Of other figures in the story there is not much that is new to be learnt. Mr. Shorter, as certainly becomes one of the very few enthusiastic pilgrims who were permitted a sight of Charlotte's husband in his old age, tries to show that Mr. Nicholls was unjustly treated by Mrs. Gaskell. It is true that Mrs. Gaskell took small pains to conceal her personal dislike of him; but the fact that fifty years later he impressed Mr. Shorter, in his Irish retreat, as a lovable old man, does not prove that her dislike was altogether unfounded. Narrow and unreasonable he may have been, and it is no use expecting us to overcome a prejudice against him for his entire lack of sympathy with his wife's genius; but we can admit this, and at the same time allow that he was the kind of man who could best give Charlotte Brontë, after the tragedies of her life, the happiness of ordinary, busy, domestic existence. Her mar-

riage gave her a few months of contented serenity, a mood she had never known before. For something else, too, her husband deserved to be honored—he never once gratified the public curiosity, acute as it soon became, by trading on his wife's memory.

After turning over Mr. Shorter's portly volumes we realize anew how very slight in spite of all this long and patient research, are the relics, apart from their published writings, of Charlotte's sisters. Charlotte destroyed their correspondence with herself, and all we have is half-a-dozen letters from Emily and Anne to Ellen Nussey, and two or three fragments of a kind of diary. Except for their juvenile tales and poems, this is all that exists in their writing. Of course there are plenty of allusions to them in Charlotte's letters, and we do not forget the beautiful little account written by her, after their death, for the second edition of "Wuthering Heights"; but there is nothing more which directly reveals them. It is enough, no doubt, to enable us to understand the youngest, a far simpler and milder soul than either of her sisters. Anne Brontë is an appealing and pathetic figure, but there is no mystery about her. Her brother's tragedy darkened her short life, and it is touching to think of her toiling at the hated task which she set herself—a novel which should be a warning to young men of Branwell's unfortunate type—and producing in the end an inconspicuous book which nobody now dreams of reading. Still less is there any mystery about Branwell Brontë himself; we can read him through and through in the few letters of his collected by Mr. Shorter—two or three wild appeals to a magazine which would not print his verses, and a tawdry piece of vulgarity (hardly worth reprinting, even for the sake of completeness), addressed to some local hero of the tap-room. His family believed him

to have been originally the most gifted of them all, but his brilliance does not seem to have consisted of more than a copious flow of words. His painting was worthless, and there does not appear to have been a trace in him, even at the first, of real imaginative power. His long and shabby *dégringolade* was not so much a case of talents abused and wasted as of a weak head turned by village admiration of his precocious sprightliness. But this was not the view taken by his sisters. To them the tragedy was heightened by the idea that Branwell had it in him to surpass them all. It is Emily who remains the enigma of the family—Emily with her silent forbidding ways, her handful of wild musical poems, her one sombre and volcanic novel. Only two brief letters of hers are discoverable, and they tell us nothing. Mrs. Gaskell (who, of course, never saw her) admitted that, though Charlotte loved her passionately, she herself could not perceive her to have been an attractive figure. She made no friends of her own, and her few excursions into the outer world, to Miss Wooler's school and the *Pensilnat Héger* at Brussels, were times of dumb and continuous suffering, to be endured in the name of duty till she could return to her adored home. She was preternaturally silent in the presence of strangers; she was plain and *gauche*, with a shyness that was not a soft and pretty shyness, but defiant and angular. Even at home she was not more sociable with her neighbors. Indeed, none of the sisters seems to have taken much share in the village life. They taught in the Sunday school, but except for that when the housework was done, they walked over the moors which stretch up and away without a break from the very walls of the parsonage. With her sisters we must suppose that Emily could be more forthcoming, yet from them, too, she evidently guarded her in-

nermost thought. "My sister Emily," wrote Charlotte, "was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude uncensored." *Secretum meum mihi* seems written over her life; no one was allowed to encroach upon her independence. When she became ill her sisters had to witness her suffering in silence; no open sympathy was permitted them, much less any active help. She would have no "poisoning doctors" near her, she said; Charlotte and Anne had to sit by and watch her die. It did not occur to her that their suffering was more bitter than hers. The day of her death, the December day when she died at her work, seemed to them at first to be more relief than pain.

It is certainly impossible to call this an attractive picture; yet, with the proofs before us of the genius which burnt under that repellent exterior, the secret so passionately withheld from all who knew her has an irresistible fascination. What was it, that central liberty of the spirit, which was so intensely dear to her? Its enigmatic simplicity has attracted minds as diverse as those of Matthew Arnold, of Maeterlinck, of Mr. Swinburne. There never was a barer, austerer genius than that of this extraordinary girl who died sixty years ago at the age of twenty-nine. Her utter ignorance of the world seemed to make no difference to her art. She did not deal in experience, in observation of men or manners. Charlotte Brontë drew straight from the life she saw; when she wrote she photographed to their minutest details the figures and types she had had the opportunity of watching; and if ever she strayed away from ground she had actually trodden herself she failed at once and became stiff and conventional. But Emily rejected even such small opportunities as were open to her of

studying life. A trace or two, not more, of personal experience is discernible in her poems; but in "Wuthering Heights" and in the greater part (and the best) of her poetry she seems to write solely out of the recesses of her imagination, hardly caring to give her creations the slightest adornment of what is called reality. If with all their crudities they are yet intensely and extravagantly real, it means that in essence, apart from all external decoration, she understood life and passion without having to watch their effects or herself to submit to normal experiences. She had the true creative intuition, very limited and imperfect, but none the less the genuine gift. It is a gift of which it is ever impossible to foresee the development. The fullest and richest experience may be exhausted in time, and those who trust to it may reach the end of their resources. But a genius like Emily, Brontë's, self-contained and self-sufficient, seems to hold a principle of growth within itself, which draws life from depths of which we can know nothing; and it is useless to speculate whether it yielded in those brief years all of which it was capable, or whether it would have taken still higher flights if time had allowed. Anyhow we can well see how it is that the author of this one strange book and these few poems possesses an interest which has not been overshadowed even by the far broader, more humane, more perfect genius of her sister. Emily Brontë could live her life entirely within the guarded walls of her heart—a more vivid life, moreover, than is given to most people with the whole world to live in—and such a nature must challenge a hundred questions with all that it conceals.

No attempt to answer these questions can be successful; even if any were possible in the nature of things, we know too little about her beyond what is to be inferred from her writ-

ings. Mrs. Gaskell owned herself bewildered, and after all the efforts of those who have written since her (and with far less opportunity of knowledge) we can still say no more. The most systematic attempt that has been made is a sketch of Emily Brontë contributed many years ago by Miss Mary Robinson (Mme. Duclaux) to a series of biographies of "Eminent Women." The book was largely based upon reminiscences supplied by Miss Nussey, and it contains some interesting pieces of anecdote. But the portrait so sympathetically drawn upon this foundation goes in some respects far beyond the evidence and in others it leaves us as ignorant as before. No one was intimate with Emily, certainly not Miss Nussey, and it is impossible on the strength of a recollection or two of hers to accept the view, for example, of Emily as the one of the family who never wavered in her devotion to Branwell or lost patience with him in his protracted downfall. The tragedy which forced these shy, high-minded women for years into close familiarity with the gross facts of the life of a vicious and intemperate man—all shorn of mystery, without the dim and softening veil which distance throws over such things—left ineffaceable marks of bitterness and horror upon them all; but there is nothing to show that the ruin of all their hopes for their brother meant more to Emily than to the rest. It was not poor Branwell who taught her to what heights devotion may rise, oblivious of sin and disaster; and if that possibility is rejected there appears no one else from whom she could have learnt the meaning of pain, the meaning which she so tragically understands in certain of her poems. The best known of these is probably "Remembrance":—

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow
piled above thee,

Far, far removed, cold in the dreary
grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love
thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing
wave?

No later light has lightened up my
heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for
me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life
was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave
with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams
had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to
destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could
be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the
aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless
passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearn-
ing after thine:
Sternly denied its burning wish to
hasten
Down to that tomb already more
than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's raptu-
rous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest an-
guish,
How could I seek the empty world
again?

Where in literature shall we find a
more keenly personal note than this?—
absolute sincerity breaking forth with-
out any thought of decoration, or even
of beauty. And yet we are forced to
believe that the girl who had mas-
tered this extraordinary knowledge of
passion had steeled her heart against
her kind and allowed no free entrance
to any human being.

"The Stoic in woman has been seen
once only," Mr. Arthur Symonds has
written in an introduction to a recent

edition of Emily Brontë's poems, "and
that in the only woman in whom there
has been seen the paradox of passion
without sensuousness." There is very
little sense of beauty in any of her
writing. It is true that in all three
sisters the sense was rigidly repressed.
They had a sort of perverse affection
and admiration for plainness—plain-
ness of feature, plainness of life, gen-
eral plainness of manner. They mis-
trusted color and brightness, elegant
ways and ornamental people. They
had seen little enough of such things
themselves, and they were too deeply
impressed with the idea that every-
thing which was not strictly plain and
durable was humbug and affectation.
There is a vein of primness in all this
which is undeniably tiresome at times.
But then it came in very truth from
no primness of soul. It was simply
the answer, the somewhat defiant an-
swer, given by burning and impetuous
hearts to the narrow restraints of their
life. If they had to lead lives in which
there seemed no room for the passion
that lay so repressed, yet never dead,
within them, they would show at least
that they could repress it, that they
could face a dull existence with spirit.
When they became novelists Charlotte
could put off this instinctive mistrust
of beauty as her theme rose, as Roches-
ter and Jane Eyre stood among the
flowers in the midsummer night, the
air heavy with doom. But Emily's
unadorned severity knows nothing of
such exquisite effects. Her love of
the moors of her home is profoundly
characteristic. The hills round Haworth
are low and featureless; they have
nothing of the big gaunt grandeur of
the North. Except for the few brief
weeks when the heather is in flower,
they are colorless, and to alien eyes
destitute even of a wild and barren
beauty. Yet Emily loved them, we
know how well, and she filled her book
with the sense of their empty desola-

tion. But she did not attempt to make the landscape of "Wuthering Heights" picturesque or impressive in its gloom; she painted it as she knew it, its dreariness was beauty enough for her. So, too, with the fierce primitive love of Heathcliff and Catherine; it underlies the whole of existence for them, life is inconceivable without it, but its story is unrelieved by any suggestion of romantic beauty. A certain grace is contemptuously allowed to Linton's hectic love-making; the concession only serves to mark the deeper tenacity of Heathcliff's passion. Catherine herself well understands the difference:—

My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be. . . . My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.

It was in this power of isolating the bare elements of passion, of relying solely on its force and truth, needing no kind of inessential decoration to help out the picture, that Emily Brontë's unique genius chiefly lay. "Wuthering Heights," though so uniformly sombre, is saved from ever becoming oppressive by this very simplicity of its

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conception. If the book had been written in a riot of lurid fancy, such as marked the German romantic school—which, it has been suggested, may in some degree have inspired it—the inhuman savagery of most of the characters would soon have degenerated into fantastic exaggeration. As it is, they are hard, bitter, morbid; but they are never fantastic. The story is told with as little regard for picturesque horrors as for sensuous charm. Awkwardly and clumsily told it undoubtedly is. It is almost impossible, without first drawing up a genealogical table of the characters, to bear in mind their relative positions in the plot, or to unravel the intricacies of the chronology. Moreover, the different figures, so firmly grasped in essentials, are in detail roughly and crudely drawn. These, of course, are marks of mere inexperience; the wonderful part of it is that the crudity is entirely confined to the handling, and nowhere extends to the conception or to the choice of method.

But examine her work as we may, the figure of Emily Brontë becomes only more and more of an enigma. One human being, it seems, and that a shy and secluded girl, has been able without experience of life, without help or even the desire for it, to reach a depth of knowledge to which, for the rest of the world, the way lies only through the lives of others. Emily asked for no share in the lives of others, and she would give none in her own. She held aloof, clasping her liberty, and all it meant to her is more, perhaps, than we can hope to understand.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

The year 1908 closed with a record of death and destruction which is unsurpassed in the history of European catastrophes. The great earthquake at

Lisbon is supposed to have caused the deaths of about fifty thousand persons, whereas it is to be feared that when the full roll of Reggio and Messina is

made up the immediate deaths will number nearly two hundred thousand. while those who will die later from their injuries and the effects of exposure and starvation must greatly increase the total. Already the number of injured is said to reach over a hundred thousand. No doubt natural catastrophes accompanied by great loss of life in China and India give totals as great as, or even greater than, that with which we are dealing; but in those cases the tale of human misery has not been anything like so appalling. For example, twenty-three years ago a so-called tidal wave swept over a low-lying part of the coast of Bengal and overwhelmed a vast number of persons, and in the same way a flood in the Yangtse Valley destroyed human life by the hundred thousand. Death by flood, however, cannot be compared to death in the shape which it assumed in Sicily and Calabria. When an earthquake overthrows cities by the seashore, death by drowning is added to death by land shock and conflagration. In such an earthquake earth, fire, and water contend in hideous competition for the lives of the victims. The air seems the only element that is not ravening to leap in fury on the human race.

Survivors at Reggio and Messina give an awe-inspiring description of the swiftness and almost simultaneousness of the three attacks. First came, or first appeared to come, the seaquake wave, inaccurately called a tidal wave owing to its resemblance to such a phenomenon. The wave, rising some thirty or forty feet in height, swept over the towns of Messina and Reggio, hurling destruction on all that came in its way. Either just after or at the same time the earth rocked and trembled, toppling over the strongest of buildings, shaking down huge walls, and twisting roads and bridges as if they were bits of twine. Next the

wave receded, carrying with it timbers and wreckage of all sorts and the countless corpses of men and animals just as when a dam made by a child at play is broken and the water hurries along with its odds and ends of sticks and straw which it has licked from the sides of the mimic embankments. But the retreat of the waters brought no relief to the wretched inhabitants of the doomed towns. Almost instantly fires began to break out in every direction among the ruined houses and to consume what remained of them. Nature seemed determined that nothing should be left undone to obliterate what were once populous cities. During the crisis of the catastrophe the air is described as being full of the shrieks of the wounded, but there soon followed an even more terrifying silence. Finally, lest any horror should be wanting, bands of criminals, either recruited from men whose prison walls had crumbled away and left them free, or else from the more degraded part of the population, began to loot what remained of the houses and to rifle the persons of the dead, dying, and wounded. And all the time through the ruined streets of what literally five minutes before had been great and populous cities (Messina had a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants) wandered half-naked men, women, and children mad with terror and misery, bewailing with crazy clamor their own ruin and the loss or death of those dearest to them. Rescuers say that the people they first encountered in the streets were speechless, or at any rate too distracted to answer the questions put to them.

It is a strange aggravation of the misery caused by the earthquake that almost all the survivors are left without clothes. It was pitch-dark and nearly everybody was in bed when the first shock was felt; but that shock was so terrific, and a Southern popula-

tion knows so well that in the case of an earthquake he who stops to dress or to collect clothes or valuables is dooming himself to death, that none waited for these purposes. People rushed headlong into the streets exactly as they were. So strong is the instinct to get away from the houses in places subject to earthquake that in the towns of Southern Italy the slightest tremor of earthquake will fill the streets as if by magic. The present writer once heard from an Englishwoman an account of a slight earthquake at Naples in the "fifties." She happened to be looking out of the window of her hotel when the shock took place. Almost before she had realized what had happened, she saw that what appeared to be a mob had filled the street below her. It has often been noted that living in an earthquake zone produces a sense of fatalism among the population. Not only can man do nothing to avoid earthquakes, but even what he can do to mitigate their worst consequences is very small. No doubt the erection of light, one-storied buildings, such as are used in Japan, buildings from which escape is easy, and which when they fall do the minimum of damage, would be useful, but it is only a palliative. Again, it is possible that science may ultimately be able to give some warning of impending shocks. But even here the remedy is of very doubtful utility, since the destructive shock in many cases follows very closely on the first sign of disturbance. Man may provide against destruction by flood and fire, or even by the tornado and the blizzard, but nothing he can do will stay the earth when it begins to rock, or prevent the solid ground opening beneath his feet and swallowing him and his works as it did at Reggio.

As was natural and certain, the sympathy expressed throughout the world for Italy in her misfortune has been deep and sincere. The British people

have been specially moved, for they love Italy and the Italians, and nothing which wounds them can fail to wound us. Unhappily there is not much that we can do to remove so vast a mountain of suffering as that which now oppresses Sicily and Southern Calabria. What little can be done through gifts of money and by personal service will, however, be done, and done in the spirit of the truest and keenest sympathy. The Lord Mayor opened a public subscription at the Mansion House literally within a few hours of the news of the catastrophe reaching these shores, and we do not doubt that the widest support will be given to his fund. It is, we feel, quite unnecessary to say anything more on this point. The appeal already has had the widest possible publicity.

We may add that the British public has watched with a glow of admiration as well as of sympathy the prompt and businesslike action of the King of Italy. He and the Queen realized without a moment's hesitation where was their proper place at such a time. They started for Sicily with as little fuss and delay as if they had been private persons. Both of them have been working their hardest to rescue those who still remain alive among the ruins, and to give help and comfort to the wounded and distressed. We cannot doubt that the good example thus shown, and the encouragement given to the rescuers, are of very real value. Before a calamity so tremendous men engaged in the exhausting toil of rescue are apt to grow faint, and to let a certain sense of fatalistic discouragement overmaster them. Their individual efforts seem so puny and so forlorn in face of death that comes not individually, but in battallions and brigades, nay, *corps d'armée*, that they are tempted to fold their hands and say: "God's will be done! We can do nothing." Yet against such pessimism it is

essential that a struggle shall be made, and that man should redeem his character as the possessor of the unconquerable mind. King Victor Emmanuel's presence among the rescuers is a sign and symbol that his courage has

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not failed him, and it must not fail his subjects. Italy's need and sorrow are the opportunity for Italy's noblest and bravest to show that they feel towards her, in Wordsworth's noble phrase, as a lover or a child.

EXILES FROM ENGLAND.

Every country has a scent of its own, which a newcomer perceives once, or, at the most, twice, and then, like the odor of musk plant which no man can smell three times in succession, the scent of the land is lost, or becomes something which one knows without perceiving, something which is not in the senses, but in the sub-consciousness. So there is an aroma, possibly still more subtle, which clings to the thought of a country and makes its exiles hungry and wistful for the sound, the color, and the scent of the once familiar land. To ask which of our poets has this aroma most distinctly is to ask which of them is most able to produce the bitter-sweet of homesickness in the hearts of her exiled children. That is not quite the same thing as asking which paints the finest pictures of the land, because a lovely landscape, exquisitely limned, may tell us of the joy of the whole dædal earth and the wizardry of the sun. It may be far too great, too universal, too alive with an all-pervading beauty to set the nostrils wide for the scent of one small parcel of land, one bud of the great rose-bush of the earth. The finest poems thus allay, rather than excite, the homesickness, and it is often only as it were accidentally that they set the heart-strings tugging. It is sometimes done by a direct appeal, as when, in Tennyson's "Lucknow," the sick and besieged folk had thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field; or in Mr. Kipling's cow-

slips from a Devon combe, wet with Channel spray, or the hermit's cushion plump, in the "Ancient Mariner," which was "the moss that wholly hides the rotted old oak-stump." These and a hundred other instances appeal directly to the exile, but they are meant to do so. They do not surprise him. He is led up to them, and he expects some of the familiar touches of his country. The worst pangs of nostalgia do not come upon us by this direct appeal. They come when we are least aware that they are near, and then it is always glimpses of quite normal and unexaggerated things which produce them.

When Shakespeare describes how

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson
rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer
buds
Is as in mockery set,

we may be pleased, may recall the fitful quirkishness of our national weather and acknowledge the power of our national poet, but it gives us no discontent with our fiercer summer or grim and grayer winter. It is when he talks about finding out the prettiest daisied plot we can, or ozier beds where rivers run, or when his brush paints primroses and azured harebells that we begin to feel unhappy. If we are in the new and naked lands we get a sharp twinge at "Beauty making

beautiful old rhyme in praise of ladies dead and lovely knights." Still, on the whole, Shakespeare is too deep in the heart of man to keep an exile hungry for home, for the human interest is in busiest, mart and loneliest glen. Some poets whom one would most expect to search the heart fail to do so in this particular way. Wordsworth, for instance, may be read on the Ganges, the Andes, or Crim Tartary, and his daisies, celandines, sleeping houses of Westminster, chaste snowdrops, and all his most inspired pieces, whatever else they do, fail to send the reader sneaking off to the steamship announcements. He has some searching passages all the same, of the direct appeal, as in his sonnet on landing at Dover.

The cock that crows, the smoke that
curls, that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon
meadow ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and
the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky
shore.

These are lines with the cool silver
and the perfume of England in them;
but he has not many such. Keats
again, great painter as he was, has
hardly any nostalgic power. Even

With treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden
croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the
skies

is England in an unusual mood, lovely
but not enough normal to be at her
most magnetic. All poems about night
and most about winter are beside the
mark. Even "the bare ruined choirs
where late the sweet birds sung," are
not peculiar to England. Nor when

Upon a tranced summer night
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty
woods,

Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the ear-
nest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without
a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies
off

is there the special aura of England in
the picture. Browning still more rarely
stirs the exile to discontent. The good
gigantic smile of the brown old earth,
the word in a minor third waken but
a little sigh. Tennyson plays now and
then more resonantly upon the heart-
strings in some of his chance passages,
as in his flower pictures in "Aylmer's
Field"; but the worst apostle of return,
who preaches the doctrine of come
back with all the iteration of a guinea
fowl and all the enticement of the Si-
rens, is Matthew Arnold. It is most
extraordinary that he should do so.
He is not so melodious as Tennyson,
so rich as Rossetti, so sincere as
Clough, so passionate as Swinburne.
Indeed, he is a limited poet, and he
tried to be a stoic; of course, without
success, for stoicism produces only a
few short howls in the making, and
nothing but silence when it is made.
He was an apostle of calm, of doubt,
of suppressed hope, and of criticism.
Indeed, his best work is criticism of his
father, of other poets, of himself, of
the world, and of life. All these
things, and, especially the last, are in-
consistent with that unreasoning hom-
ing instinct which makes pigeons de-
spise the fairest landscape for a dingy
loft; and men, who lack nothing in the
new land, yet, in any case, desire
fiercely the old. So the exile opens
Matthew Arnold for some sweet rea-
sonableness, or for some fine classic
touch, say of Sophocles by the Ægean,
or Lucretius and his impracticable
hours. Then unexpectedly and just as
the reader is off his guard, through the
thick corn the scarlet poppies creep,
and the eye travels down to Oxford

towers. It requires very strong moorings to hold an exile when he comes upon lines like these:—

So some tempestuous morn in early June
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks, and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May,
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze;
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

No man can tell how these lines plead to the reader at the ends of the civilized or uncivilized earth. Their very plaintiveness deepens the sense of a great miss; and just as the worst seem past, they take up the tale with new effect:

Too quick, despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,
The Academy.

And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

He harkens not! light-comer he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new mown;
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see!
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon hath conquer'd thee!

The charm of jungle, prairie, bush or veldt may be great, but lines like these whispered to English ears in any one of them make those ears tingle in a way that the owner would find insupportable, if he did not sternly tell himself that such sensations are unreasonable and ridiculous, which, alas for him! they are not. There is hardly any dichotomy of the heart so perplexing and painful as to belong to two continents. Perhaps it needs a poet of pain and perplexity to express it exactly.

A SUFFRAGETTE CONSPIRACY.

It is Christmas Day 1719, and the Regent D'Orléans, the Duc de S. Simon, and the Duc de Bourbon are seated at the Palais Royal in the little winter cabinet at the end of the short gallery. They are met to discuss the treason of a great lady, a princess of the blood,

daughter-in-law of Louis quatorze, granddaughter of the great Condé, sister-in-law of the Regent and aunt of the Duc de Bourbon, patroness of poets and "Queen of Sceaux," Anne Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon, Duchesse du Maine. "Pour arriver au trône, le

cas échéant, sachez bien, Messieurs, que je mettrais le feu, s'il le fallait, aux quatre coins du royaume." Five years ago the little Duchesse had made the threat. To-day she would accomplish it. She and the chosen spirits of her salon have dropped theatricals and are plotting a revolution to destroy the Regency, to call together the States-General, and to give the Duc du Maine his rights under the will of Louis quatorze. The chief agent in this political diversion is the fille de chambre, Mademoiselle de Launay. She is a jeune fille of susceptible heart and at the same time of great learning, for she knows Lucretius and can quote Descartes. Some say that she is pretty and all agree with a Minister who is to send her to gaol that she is "de bel esprit." Her little play concerning "Good Taste, the Duchesse and the Magic Square" has been the prettiest of all the fêtes of Sceaux. Now the little Duchesse knows that her best hope lies in winning the aid of the ruler of Spain, that dreamer of splendid dreams, Cardinal Alberoni. To move Spain it is necessary to move the Jesuits. So Mademoiselle, who has spent her childhood in a Jesuit-guided convent, is sent to the Fathers of the Order, and is put by them in touch with certain verse-writing backstair conspirators. Little comes from them except letters written in invisible ink which strange women hand to Mademoiselle, and requests for silver coins to the Duchesse. At last, however, when Mademoiselle appeals to the aged and scheming Ambassador of Spain, the Prince de Cellamare, things move with a vengeance. Behold the leaders of the "war of liberation" foregathered in a little house in the Arsenal as the bells chime the midnight hour. There to the Duchesse and Mademoiselle and the band of chevaliers that surrounds them the aged Ambassador unfolds the plot of the coming drama. He has, he whispers, commissioned

certain bravoës to carry away the Duc d'Orléans to Spain. Then the Comte de Laval will raise Brittany and the Marquis de Pompadour Normandy. Best of all, the gay and gallant young Duc de Richelieu, who is colonel of the regiment that holds Bayonne, the key of the Pyrenees, will when the Spanish troops appear before the walls throw open the gates. Can the little Duchesse doubt, as she hears these brave words, that a new Fronde, a new "ladies' war," is to shatter the régime of d'Orléans and to make her in all but name the Queen of France? One fear she has for the moment, and that is lest her plous, timid husband shall discover all her machinations. "Votre Altesse se fera mettre en prison" he has already foretold. The little Duchesse has smiled, but thinks it best to stop all conspiracy talk when his step is heard.

A few weeks pass, however, and a cold douche has fallen on the ladies' hopes. The bravoës who are to carry away the wicked Regent have been duly brought from Spain and they are properly posted in the Bois de Boulogne to seize him as he takes his usual promenade with the Duchesse de Berry. The unsuspecting Orléans duly arrives. The signal is given and the merry men duly pounce upon the wrong gentleman, while, in ignorance of his danger, the Regent calmly walks out of sight. There is panic at Sceaux and the little Duchesse sends Mademoiselle to Paris to see the Comte de Laval and find how the wind is blowing. The pair meet and talk alone, and Mademoiselle is startled at her companion's wild and incoherent chatter of Stuart restorations and Northern Leagues. She sees now too clearly that the background of the stage on which they are playing is not a palace, but a prison. The wild talk over, the young lady starts on her homeward journey through the black night. Alas! her

carriage comes to grief on the road, and after a lengthy sojourn in a ditch she finds an asylum in a mill. A bad omen, reflects Mademoiselle; but the friends of M. de Voltaire are not superstitious and the wild words of M. de Laval, which Mademoiselle has thought foolish, cheer up the Duchesse.

Two months pass. The Duchesse is in her Paris mansion when the news flits through the salons that a courier of the Spanish Ambassador has been "held up" at Poitiers on his way to Madrid and relieved of his papers, that the Spanish Embassy is surrounded by soldiers, and the Prince de Cellamare himself is a prisoner. All is lost. Her Highness, in waiting events, can only play Biribi, shudder at the tidings of arrests of friends as they come thick and fast, and confide to Mademoiselle her hope that if prison is to be her portion her prison will be a palace where Mademoiselle can still be her companion.

So Christmas Day arrives, and while the Duchesse fidgets in the rue S. Honoré her relations settle her fate in the Palais Royal. Her brother-in-law of Orleans and her nephew of Bourbon both agree that their dear relative and her husband must be put where they can do no more mischief. They settle at last that the husband shall serve his time at Dourlens in Picardy, while the little Duchesse shall do her penance in De Bourbon's own castle of Dijon. The lettres de cachet are straightway signed, but perhaps Christmas festivities interfere with police arrangements, and for three days more the Duchesse remains free. On the morning of 28 December the thunderbolt falls. Mademoiselle is quietly dozing, when she is startled by the dread cry, "*De la part du roi.*" Presently a lighted torch reveals in her chamber the uniforms of an officer of the guard and two musketeers. Mademoiselle is told that she is arrested. The house is full of sol-

diers, and a troop is drawn up in the street. At the same time the chamber of the Duchesse is invaded. Her Serene Highness likewise is informed that she is a prisoner. Many a plea does she make to delay the dolorous journey, until at last she is led outside almost by force to see waiting just two hired carriages, in one of which she, a princess of the blood, is to drive, with only two maids for attendance on her, to prison. A terrible fall, thinks Mademoiselle, for a lady who always deems herself alone save when she is in a crowd. She will not see much of a crowd to-day. The coachman dodges the streets, follows the ramparts, and leaves Paris by the gate of S. Bernard. In the evening Mademoiselle is driven, as she expects, to the grim tower of the Bastille. The governor receives her at the drawbridge (while she shudders at the clashing chains), and presently places her in her cell. This cell is fairly comfortable, and her maid is there to wait on her. Next day the governor calls. She asks for books and cards and gets them. Henceforth she and her maid pass much of the day playing piquet. Other men and women of the Duchesse's household share her captivity, but for the present Mademoiselle may not see them. Even when on Sundays and fête days she is taken to chapel she is hidden under a flag. Meanwhile Minister of State Dubois, D'Argenson, and Le Blanc, whom she names Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, come frequently to examine the prisoners. When Mademoiselle is cited before the dread tribunal, she is a little nervous. Suppose now, she thinks, they should place her on the rack. However, she takes courage, applies a little rouge to her cheeks lest her countenance betray her, and takes her seat in the chair appointed for her, with a firm resolve in her mind to tell only what she chooses. She is surprised at the trifling questions that Min-

isters put to her. At the close of her examination she is more astonished when M. D'Argenson gravely asks her if she is being kindly treated. Such, he says, is his desire. And with these unexpected words of courtesy in her ears the captive retraces her steps to her cell happier than when she left it. And as the days pass, her lot is lightened. With others of her fellow-prisoners she receives permission to walk on the battlements of the castle, and so gets a little look at the world from which she has been taken. And next she and the royal Lieutenant of the Bastille strike up a fast friendship. And this friendship gives to the grim towers of the Bastille a gentle touch of poetry. It is a summer evening; the Lieutenant has been taking supper with his captive, and as the night is warm they draw close to the window. The Lieutenant asks Mademoiselle for a song. She consents and sings the lines of Iphigenia in the opera. The Duc de Richelieu, who is in a cell hard by, stands at his window likewise and sings the reply of Orestes. "Very appropriate," thinks Mademoiselle, "to our situation." The kind-hearted gaoler smiles pleasantly, and the pair go through the whole scene. In time the barriers that sever Mademoiselle from a fellow-captive are removed. The prisoners are allowed to associate in groups to dine with the governor and to play ombre in the evening. To one of her fellow-captives Mademoiselle's hand is pledged, though, alas! the engagement will not survive their emergence from the prison gates. Still for the moment she is so happy that she desires no liberty other than that which she enjoys in her prison walls.

Meanwhile the little Duchesse is safely caged at Dijon and is in the worst of tempers. She complains of her room. It is cold, and the plaster on the wall is not dry. She needs more attendants, in fact her whole house-

hold, and she must see the papers. The Ministers listen with some sympathy to the captive's wails. A maid of honor and a few more servants are sent in answer to her cry. Further, she may have permission to read the "Gazette de Paris." If she asks for the "Gazette de Hollande" she must be told that it is not procurable at Dijon. However, when her mother, the Princesse de Condé, pleads that she may take her child to her home, the Regent is for the present obdurate. "Si Mme. la Duchesse s'était bornée à conspirer contre ma vie, passe encore; mais elle a manqué à l'Etat; je suis obligé de la laisser en prison." So the little Duchesse plays cards until she is weary, and then fumes and rages until her gaolers pray the Saints to have mercy on them. All this while her unlucky spouse is bearing with Christian fortitude a rigorous imprisonment in Picardy. The months pass and at last the Duchesse is carried to the citadel of Chalon sur Saône. Here she is allowed carriage drives, and finds a pet. It is a young donkey, whom Voltaire shall make famous.

Dans ces murs malheureux votre voix
enchantée
Ne put charmer qu'un âne et les échos.

From château to château she passes; but there can be no pardon until she has confessed all. At last her proud spirit yields; but, fair play, she only owns up when she has won from the Regent a promise that her co-conspirators shall have their liberty and that he will keep the confession a secret. Alas! the whole confession is read before the Council, and the granddaughter of Condé is the laughing-stock of all Paris. She may, however, drive back in full state to Sceaux. Meanwhile Mademoiselle is again a solitary captive for nearly all her friends, including her lover, have confessed and gone, but no confession will she make.

"You will stay here all your life," says the Minister. "Not a bad place for a poor girl like me" is the answer. Only when the little Duchesse gives precise orders will Mademoiselle confess, and then she chiefly tells things that will annoy the Regent. Her confession, therefore, does not become public property. A few days later she sees from her window the Lieutenant in the courtyard holding up the order for her release. And they part with tears. To the glades of Sceaux she hastens back, and meets in the garden the Duchesse, who embraces her; but it is not long ere Mademoiselle, who has again to read her Serene Highness to sleep at

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night, begins to long for the repose of her prison cell. A few years later the Duchesse will marry her to a Baron in the Swiss Guards, but with the condition that she must spend most of her days at Sceaux, and with the Duchesse our heroine lives and dies. For the rest most of the courtiers of her Serene Highness find their way back to her Court, and her husband forgives her. Fêtes and plays once more enliven the palace but the little Duchesse has learned her lesson. "J'ai fait une pénitence très rude et très longue," she sighs, and henceforth she will not meddle in high matters of State.

MR. PUNCH AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

... As Mr. Punch drew nearer he saw that a Christmas Dinner Party was in progress. It was the most extraordinary Christmas Party he had even seen, for everybody seemed to be quarrelling with everybody else.

When they observed him, which they did quite suddenly, they stopped arguing with each other, and all shouted together:

"No room! No room!"

"There is always room for me," said Mr. Punch modestly; and he sat down in a vacant chair. On his left side was a large bird which he recognized at once as the famous Double Eagle, but the chair on his right seemed at first sight to be unoccupied.

The Double Eagle looked doubtfully at him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said at last. "Then consider yourself censored, boycotted and blackballed." Whereupon he resumed his occupation of pushing a small furry animal into his pocket—only pausing occasionally to scowl at his left-hand neighbor.

"Have some Turkey?" cried somebody to Mr. Punch.

The Sage looked round the table. "I don't see any," he said.

"There isn't any," laughed another of the company. "We've taken it all."

"No, they haven't," whispered a very small voice on Mr. Punch's right. "There's still a little of me left. But I'm not the bird I was. Not at all the bird I was," he repeated in a doleful voice.

Mr. Punch turned round hastily, and found that there was indeed a small bird on the apparently unoccupied chair.

"Dear me," he said, "I never noticed you. Now perhaps you can tell me who all these people are?"

"With pleasure," said the Turkey. "Of course you recognize the person on your left—the Double Eagle?"

"Yes," said Mr. Punch; "but I don't quite understand what he's doing. Who is that little animal he is pushing into his pocket?"

"That," said his neighbor in a melancholy voice, "is the Bosnigove. It

used to be mine really, but that Double Eagle took it away; and all I'm going to get instead is one of those little woolly things called Sandjaks. Well, then, further on you see the Serb. He's very angry with the Double Eagle about it all, being a great friend of the Bosnigove's, and . . . I don't know, but there *may* be a fight one day."

"I see," said Mr. Punch. "And who is the person beyond you with the paper cap on?"

"It isn't a cap, it's a crown—at least he thinks it is. That is the Bulgar Man. A *very* Bulgar Man," added the Turkey with a sigh.

At this moment the Double Eagle turned round suddenly and gazed at Mr. Punch.

"Are you fond of riddles?" he asked abruptly.

"Very," said the Sage genially. "I always think that no Christmas dinner is complete without a few riddles. And I may say that I am considered rather good at them."

"Then try this one. When is a Treaty not a Treaty?"

"When is a Treaty not a Treaty? I'm sure I shall guess that. When it's a—— When it's a——" he began to murmur to himself; but the Double Eagle had already turned away, and was now flapping his wings violently under the nose of the Serb. Mr. Punch was sure that there would really be a fight this time, and was about to jump up and intervene, when the Bulgar Man leant over towards him.

"Will you," he said, holding out a cracker, "pull this with me?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Punch. "Crackers—how delightful!"

"I *do* hope," said the Bulgar Man. "I *do* hope there's a real crown in this one. Would you," he went on anxiously, "would you call this one I've got on a cap or a crown? It's just like a crown, isn't it?"

"I should call it a crap—I mean a

crown—that is to say, decidedly a——"

Bang!

"Bother!" said the Bulgar Man. "A tin trumpet! And I *did* want a real crown so! Here, *you*, catch," and he threw it at the Serb.

"I can tell you the answer to that riddle," said a mild voice at Mr. Punch's elbow. "It's 'When it's broken!'"

"Of course!" cried Mr. Punch. "So it is. It wouldn't be a Treaty any longer when it was broken, and so——Heavens, what's that?"

"It's only me," said the Serb, as he took the trumpet from his mouth. He had left his chair and was now standing behind Mr. Punch. "I'm a very warlike person, I am," he went on. "Did you see what that Double Eagle did to me? He flapped his wings in my face. I shall resent it—I shall certainly resent it most strongly. And I shan't be afraid to tell him so. I'm a Serb."

"They also Serb who only stand and wait," murmured the Turkey.

"You don't think I'm afraid, do you?" cried the Serb, turning to him indignantly. "Why, I've a good mind, a very good mind, to blow this in his ear, just to show you."

"Look here," began the Double Eagle, turning round——

"Bang!" cried the Bulgar Man, as he pulled a cracker with himself. "This *is* a crown this time, I bet you anything."

"Peace, peace," said Mr. Punch, spreading out his hands.

They quieted down, and waited for him to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said cheerily, "this is the maddest dinner-party I have ever been at. (*Applause.*) Now one of you asked me a riddle just now, which I have succeeded in guessing vicariously. (*Ha! ha!*) In the ordinary way I should expect to receive a prize for this; but in these special circumstances

I can see that it is all of you who will expect to receive a prize from me. (Muffled "Hear, hears" from the *Bosni-gove*.) I have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting you all with the first prize" (and here he placed a book

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upon the table), "In the hope that, whatever your differences may be, you will at least have this in common—an appreciation of my *One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Volume*."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish this month "The Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls," by Charles W. Moores, president of the Board of School Commissioners at Indianapolis. Much emphasis is given to the boyhood and youth of Lincoln.

Houghton Mifflin Co. report the following new printings: thirteenth edition of "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer"; fifth edition of "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet; and second editions of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," by J. O. Fagan; "University Administration," by Charles W. Eliot and "The Home Builder," by Lyman Abbott.

The authorized "Life of Whistler" was published early in November. In spite of the large edition allotted to the American market, the entire supply was exhausted ten days before Christmas, and in some cases the work was sold at a premium. The American publishers, J. B. Lippincott Co., announce that they have arranged for a second printing, and will be able to supply the wants of their customers.

Among the notable books which Houghton Mifflin Co. are announcing for publication this year are two volumes of important historical research on "The German Element in the United States," by Prof. Albert Bernhard Faust of Cornell University. The

author has made this subject the chief work of the last ten years, and the first draft of the manuscript won the prize of \$3,000 offered by Conrad Seipp of Chicago for the best essay on the subject. The book will be lavishly illustrated and will probably appear in the early autumn.

The announcement that the Nobel prize in literature has gone to Professor Rudolf Eucken has stimulated interest in an author who has hitherto been little known outside of academic circles. Although Professor Eucken's works have not yet appeared in English he is known to every student of philosophy in America, particularly as he has been the teacher of a great many of the prominent professors in American institutions. One of his English disciples, Mr. W. R. Boyce Gibson, has written a study entitled "Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life," which has been published by The Macmillan Co.

The Duttons have nearly ready an important volume containing the Herzogenberg Correspondence of Johannes Brahms, translated from the original by Hannah Bryant, and carefully edited and notated by Max Kalbeck. This contains all the letters that passed between Brahms and Elizabeth Herzogenberg and her husband—and is an exceedingly important contribution to his biography. Also, the fourth vol-

ume of the Indian Texts Series "Storia do Mogor, or Mogul India" by Niccolao Manucci, translated from the original by William Irvine, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. This volume carries the celebrated Venetian History of the Moguls from 1653 to 1708. Also an amusing book of modern travel experience "Westward 'Round the World" by E. S. Wright. Mr. Wright is a newspaper man—and sees things with the eye of an American.

In addition to the third volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," the Cambridge University Press will soon publish the eleventh volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," dealing with "The Growth of Nationalities." This volume covers the history of the quarter of a century between 1845 and 1871, and includes two chapters by the late Sir Spencer Walpole—entitled "Great Britain and the Crimean War," and "Great Britain, Last Years of Whigism, Parliamentary Reform, 1856-68"—to which the final revision has been given by Sir Alfred Lyall, as Spencer Walpole's literary executor. Another contributor who has not lived to see the publication of the volume, though able to complete the final revision of his three chapters, is Professor E. Masl, of the University of Florence, who deals with "Italy in Revolution, 1846-9," "Cavour and the Kingdom of Italy," and "The Successors of Cavour in the Completion of Italian Unity." Among other contributors are Sir W. Lee-Warner, who deals with "India and Afghanistan"; Sir E. M. Satow, who deals with "The Far East"; Dr. A. W. Ward, who supplies two chapters on "The Revolution and the Reaction in Germany and Austria"; Major F. Maurice, who deals with "The Franco-German War"; Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, with "The Course of Revolution in Spain and Portugal"; Professor Emile Bourgeois, of the Uni-

versity of Paris, who has three chapters on "The Fall of Constitutionalism in France (1840-48)," "The French Republic (1848-52)," and "The Reaction against Romanticism in French Literature (1840-71)"; Dr. H. Walker, Professor of English Literature at St. David's College, Lampeter, who deals with "English Literature, 1840-70"; and Mr. Edmund Gosse, with "Dano-Norwegian Literature."

The lectures upon Mars which Professor Percival Lowell delivered at the Lowell Institute two years or more ago, and which were subsequently published in *The Century*, now appear in a volume under the title "Mars as the Abode of Life." They embody the fruits of the observations which Professor Lowell has for years been taking at Flagstaff Observatory and the theories which he has deduced from them. Appreciating the difficulty of making his statement of these results at once intelligible to the unscientific, and satisfactory to the scientific mind, the author has wisely made his general text complete in itself, and has added in a separate part a statement of the steps by which the results were reached. The volume is thus adapted to both classes of readers and for both it presents the very latest results in an extremely fascinating field of inquiry. Many people who have only a vague and indefinite idea that Professor Lowell stands sponsor for a curious theory that the planet Mars sustains some form of life will ascertain from this book on precisely what reasons the theory is based and by what evidence it is sustained. What Professor Lowell calls "planetology" and describes as a link between the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian theory is a subject of unique interest which piques curiosity and stimulates the imagination. The book is fully illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

